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UNDRESSING
AND OFFERING
HIMSELF TO BE
KILLED :
A CHINESE
FANATIC OF
"THE CANTON
'DARE-TO-DIE'
CORPS"
HARANGUING
BRITISH MARINES
AND BLUEJACKETS
HOLDING A
BARRICADE AT
HANKOW—A
CURIOUS INCIDENT
AMONG THE
ATTEMPTS TO
GOAD THEM INTO
FIRING ON THE
MOB.

PREPARING TO
RAM THE BRITISH
SAILORS AT A
HANKOW
BARRICADE WITH
A HEAVY POLE :
A TYPICAL
SECTION OF THE
CHINESE MOB, IN
WITHSTANDING
WHOM WITHOUT
FIRING A SHOT
UNDER GREAT
PROVOCATION
OUR MEN
SHOWED
MAGNIFICENT
COURAGE



These photographs illustrate incidents of the gallant stand made by a handful of British Marines and Bluejackets at Hankow, on January 3, before the evacuation, in holding back, without firing a shot, a howling Chinese mob trying to goad them into creating an incident that would afford a pretext for massacre. Several of our men were hurt by volleys of stones. Writing from Hankow the next day, Sir Percival Phillips said (in the "Mail") : "I watched for seven hours yesterday the

efforts of such a mob to gain the upper hand. Bluejackets and Marines, many of them mere lads, are called upon to show greater courage and self-control than most men show in battle. . . . Student-orators behind the mob were pouring out incitements to murder. . . . So it went on, with rushes and counter-rushes . . . tussles between panting Marines and grimacing coolies, vicious onslaughts with the heavy poles carried by dockers—yet never a shot from the hard-pressed Navy."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is always amusing to note how this black-and-white chessboard of existence is treated by those two players, the optimist and the pessimist—the man who says it is all white and the man who says it is all black. One of them in always proving that black is white, and the other, equally convincingly, that white is black. Neither is content with the obvious fact, probably because it has always been obvious to everybody. I am accused of being “mediæval”; I do not know what it means, but perhaps the one respect in which I do truly and heartily admire mediævalism may be found in the fact that it invented the phrase “common sense,” and never, so far as I know, used the word “paradox.” But anyhow, this refusal to accept the obvious variation in things, and this forcing of the facts to fit a private theory of the unity of things, is applied to a good many other matters beside the black and white game of the optimist and pessimist.

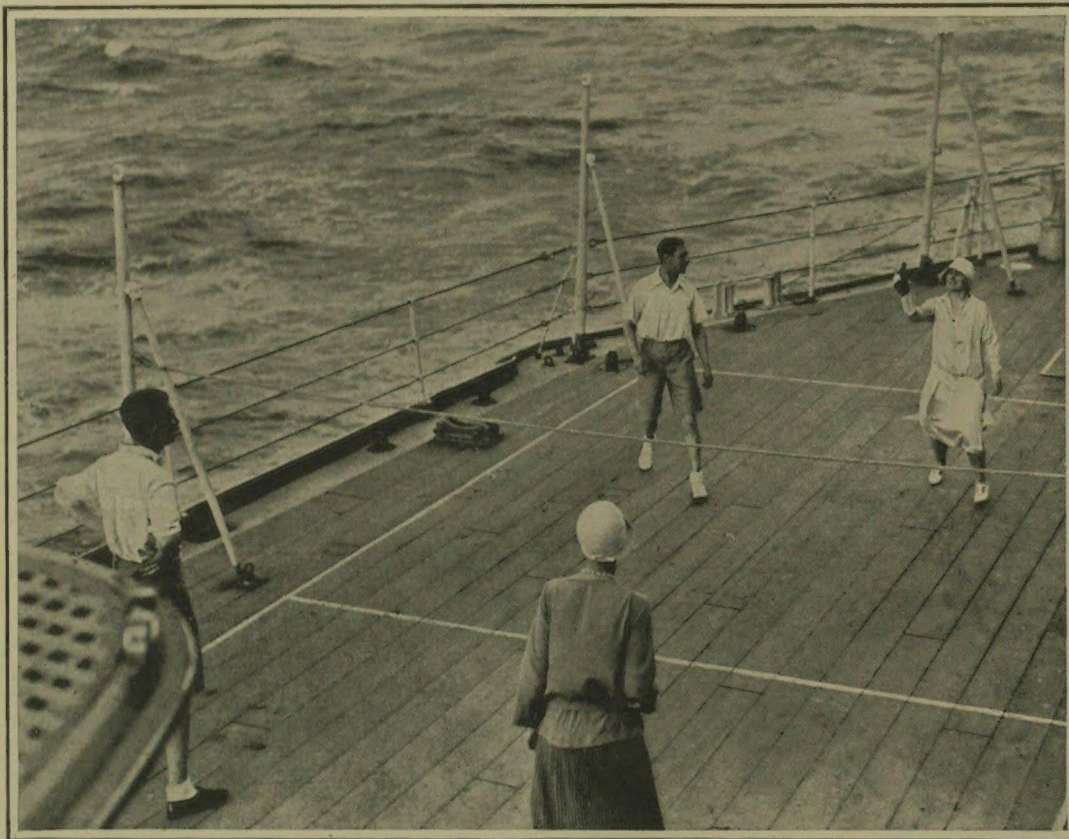
For instance, every sane man can see at a glance, without even thinking it necessary to say what he sees, that in any movement the crowd counts for something, but the leader also counts for something. The leader counts for more than one man in the crowd; but he could not count for more than a thousand men in the crowd, and he certainly could not be a complete substitute for the crowd. Great men are to some extent moulded by their age; but they do make a difference to their age. This is the mediæval superstition called common sense. Thomas Carlyle was a great man who would hear of nothing but great men. Mr. H. G. Wells is a great man who will hear of nothing but great mobs and great movements. Cromwell was a great man; but it is obvious that in the Puritan revolt he had a great opportunity. Napoleon was a great man; but it is obvious that in the revolutionary wars he had a great opportunity. But Carlyle always wrote as if Cromwell would have been exactly the same without the Ironsides. And Mr. Wells always wrote as if the Grand Army would have been exactly the same without Napoleon. The insistence in the one case on the man and nothing else, and in the other case upon the movement and nothing else, may serve to make these two prejudiced writers more picturesque, but any moderately reasonable man in the street can be superior to both their prejudices.

To some extent the prejudice in favour of the movement may be explained by saying that there is, just now, a sort of movement in favour of movements. Or rather, there was such a movement a little while ago, for I think Mr. Wells does not always realise how rapidly such movements pass. To me it is one of the queerest riddles in the world. At certain intervals there springs up suddenly a fashion that is generally embodied in a phrase. In every club or salon, of the more intelligent sort, we suddenly find everybody repeating some social or scientific term, generally taken from some recent book and perhaps supported with the name of some new author. It is very natural that people should talk about a new notion, even if it is a nonsensical notion. For instance, I do not know enough about Einstein and the new mathematicians to know whether they are talking nonsense or not. But I can quite understand that when men say in a loud voice that all straight lines are crooked,

or that a yard measures more one way than the other, their society small talk sounds rather more startling than the statement that the weather is fine or the shortage of servants serious. They are uttering a paradox (loathsome word), and it naturally attracts attention, whether it is true or false. Einstein as much as Epstein is secure of publicity, if not always of popularity.

But the sort of phrases I mean are not like that. The curious thing about them is that they are not really very new, considered as ideas, even to the general public, still less to the intelligentsia. Even the intelligentsia has retained enough intelligence for that. They are simply general ideas which have suddenly become frightfully particular ideas. In my youth it was “efficiency,” which simply means being able to effect something. In America it is “poise,” which all the philosophers from remote antiquity have

is equally obvious, and it has always been equally obvious, that anybody who takes the comparison quite seriously and literally is a fool—or, at any rate, one very likely to make a fool of himself. If he expects a politician only to howl like a wolf, he will find his mistake. If he tries to treat even a free and independent voter *exactly* like a sheep, he will discover his error. Gentlemen do follow a fashion in the matter of hairdressing, for instance, in what some may consider a very sheeplike manner. But he will err who thinks he can suddenly and forcibly shave a gentleman as he would shear a sheep. In other words, all common sense tells us, till we begin to read books of sociology, that the individual does count for something, even where the tribal custom counts for too much. But nobody is ever content with this common sense, least of all the most brilliant and thoughtful men of the age.



THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS IN THE “RENOWN” KEEPING FIT DURING THE VOYAGE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK (ON FAR SIDE) PLAYING TENNIS QUITOS ON DECK, AGAINST THE HON. MRS. GILMOUR AND MAJOR NUGENT.

During their voyage to Australia in H.M.S. “Renown,” the Duke and Duchess of York have kept fit by playing in various deck games, such as tennis quitoes and hockey. The Duke has also enjoyed squash racquets and clay-pigeon shooting. After visiting Jamaica, the “Renown” passed through the Panama Canal into the Pacific, bound first for the Marquesas. On the way the traditional customs on Crossing the Line were observed. The Jamaica visit is illustrated on page 245 in this number.

Official N.P.A. Photograph supplied by C.N.

discussed under the name of “balance.” Or else the same thing is called “normalcy,” which in the English language is called “normality.” But none of these ideas have anything new or paradoxical about them. They do not even rise to the distinction of being nonsense. They express ideas that everybody has always talked about. Only suddenly, during one particular society season, everybody talks about nothing else. What are the laws that govern the visitations of these verbal modes I have never been able to discover.

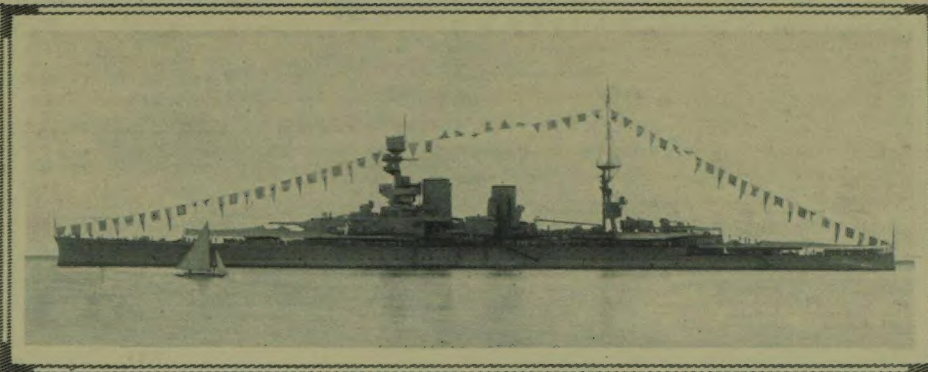
Now, it is true that there appeared suddenly from nowhere, after this fashion, a thing that was called the Herd Instinct. Somebody, I believe, wrote a book about the Herd Instinct; but the subject is really one on which many books have been written and many people have argued. Everybody has always talked about people being “gregarious”; about such and such men following each other like sheep, about men being herded in slums, about mobs howling like wolves. It is obvious, and it has always been obvious, that there is some element of the herd instinct in human society, and some parallel between the conduct of the collective man and the gregarious animal. It

And so we have Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, writing as if great individuals were never going to count in the world any more. Everything is going to be mobs and movements and the herd instinct. Now, nobody in the world has a heartier contempt for the superstitious servility that grovels before the Strong Man than I have. Nobody has less belief in the creed of Carlyle, or the very unheroic idea of hero-worship, in the sense of the idolatry of individuals. But the attempt of Mr. Wells to show that such individual leadership does not count in Europe to-day is the most unconvincing sophistry I have seen for a long time. He says that there have been no real leaders in the large movements of large countries like China and Russia. It is rather unsafe to say it even of China, but it is so far safe that we none of us know enough about China to be certain whether it is true. We do not know very much of Russia, but we know enough to be quite certain that it is untrue. The truth is that the Bolshevik movement has been an orgy of hero-worship. Lenin has been turned into a god. Karl Marx has been turned, if possible, into something greater than a god. Mr.

H. G. Wells himself bore witness to this fact, in his most witty and vivid style, in some delightful descriptions of the omnipresent idolatry, and of how the beard of Karl Marx was thrust in the traveller's face at every turn. Then, having to make good his generalisation about the disappearance of leadership from the world, he naturally finds himself a little puzzled in the presence of Mussolini. And his efforts to explain that gentleman away are not very satisfactory. He says that perhaps Mussolini may be only “the animated effigy of a juvenile insurrection.” Mussolini certainly is a fairly animated effigy; and the insurrection is doubtless juvenile, in the sense that people who go out and fight in the street for days on end are not generally seventy-eight years old. But if there were any such things as leaders in the past, it is quite obvious that Mussolini is a leader in the present. All leaders may always have been humbugs; Napoleon Bonaparte may have been an animated effigy; Julius Cæsar may have been a juvenile insurrection. But in that case what becomes of that vast and universal change which, as Mr. Wells tells us, is passing over the world?

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN JAMAICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," I.B., AND OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



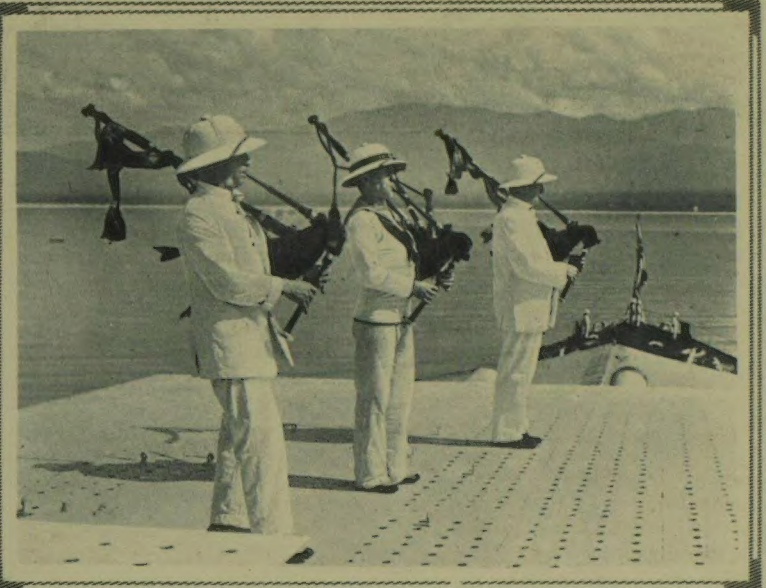
"DRESSED" ON HER ARRIVAL IN JAMAICA WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ON BOARD: THE BATTLE-CRUISER "RENOWN" AT KINGSTON.



LEAVING KINGSTON CHURCH AFTER LAYING A WAR MEMORIAL FOUNDATION-STONE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN THEIR CAR.



ENJOYING HIS FAVOURITE GAME: THE DUKE OF YORK PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS IN JAMAICA.



PLAYING THE "RENOWN" INTO HARBOUR AT KINGSTON: PIPERS ON ONE OF THE FORWARD TURRETS.



KINGSTON'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK: A PROCESSION OF CARS THROUGH THE CITY, WITH THE ROYAL PAIR IN THE LEADING CAR.



WHERE THEY VISITED THE TOMB OF ADMIRAL BENBOW: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK LEAVING THE PARISH CHURCH AT KINGSTON.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK INSPECTING GIRL GUIDES AT THE KING'S HOUSE, KINGSTON: AN INCIDENT OF HER FIRST DAY IN JAMAICA.

The "Renown," with the Duke and Duchess of York on board, entered Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, on January 20. As she came in the band played on the quarter deck, and pipers on one of the forward turrets. All the ships in harbour were dressed with flags. The Duke and Duchess on landing were received with tremendous cheering by the assembled population. They drove first to the theatre, where an address was presented. The Duke, in reply, recalled his previous visit in 1913, and referred to the splendid part Jamaica had played in the war. They then drove to the King's House, where the Duchess inspected Girl Guides.

The next day the royal visitors again came ashore and motored to Spanish Town the old capital of the island. On the 22nd the Duke laid the foundation-stone of a war memorial, in the form of a clock tower for the parish church of Kingston, to replace that destroyed in the earthquake of 1907. The Duke and Duchess gave a dinner party in the "Renown," and a brilliant Naval ball was held at the Jamaica Club. While in Jamaica the Duke was able to enjoy some games of lawn-tennis. Early on the 23rd the "Renown" sailed for Panama, where she subsequently passed through the great canal into the Pacific.

WHERE THE DEFENCE FORCE IS NOW AWAITED: SCENES IN SHANGHAI; AND "ANTI-RED" CHINESE TROOPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.S. TAYLOR, PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.



ORGANISERS OF RELIEF AND SHELTER FOR BRITISH REFUGEES FROM HANKOW: A GROUP OF BRITISH WOMEN ON THE QUAYSIDE AT SHANGHAI, AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF REFUGEES BY SHIP.



WITH ONE OF THEIR ARMoured CARS IN READINESS FOR EMERGENCY, SOME MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER CORPS AT SHANGHAI, AN INDEPENDENT AND EFFICIENT FORCE.



COMPARABLE FOR THEIR EXTREME YOUTH: CHINESE SOLDIERS OF THE ANKUOCHUN "ANTI-RED" ARMY IN THE PROVINCE OF Kiangsu, LEADING PACK PONIES ON THE MARCH.



A FORCE THAT HAS CHECKED THE ADVANCE OF THE CANTONESE "RED" FORCES: CHINESE TROOPS OF THE ANKUOCHUN ARMY ON THE BUND AT PUKOW JUST AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL.



INCLUDING ONE INSCRIBED "BRITISH MARINES REMOVING DEAD BODIES TO CLEAR AWAY TRACES": CHINESE POSTERS IN SHANGHAI DESIGNED AS ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA.



CHINESE TROOPS ON PATROL DUTY IN SHANGHAI: A TYPICAL GROUP OF SOLDIERS POSTED AT THE ENTRANCE TO A THOROUGHFARE IN THE CITY.



HOW THE CHINESE MOB IS SWAYED BY ANTI-FOREIGN ORATORY, WHICH SOMETIMES WORKS THEM UP TO A STATE OF FRENZY: A STUDENT HARANGUING A CROWD IN SHANGHAI.



THE PLIGHT OF MISSIONARIES IN CHINA: A GROUP FROM KIANGSI, BELONGING TO THE "CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN MANY LANDS" ORGANISATION, OBLIGED TO TAKE REFUGE AT SHANGHAI.



THE YOUNGER CHINESE GENERATION OF THE WEALTHIER CLASS: MEMBERS OF A "WELL-KNOWN" CHINESE POLITICIAN'S FAMILY AT THE SHANGHAI RACE CLUB.



THE INDIAN ELEMENT IN THE DEFENCE OF SHANGHAI: A SIKH POLICEMAN ON GUARD BESIDE AN ARMoured CAR OF THE VOLUNTEER CORPS.



WITH BOBBED HAIR AND FRINGES ACCORDING TO THE LATEST FASHIONS: A GROUP OF CHINESE WOMEN AT A RACE MEETING IN SHANGHAI.



WITH ONLY THE HANDBAG (SEEN IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND) AS THEIR LUGGAGE: BRITISH REFUGEES FROM HANKOW AT SHANGHAI—A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN, WITH A CHINESE AMAH.

These photographs give an interesting idea of life at Shanghai, where the British community is now eagerly waiting the arrival of the Defence Force which recently started from this country. Other troops are also on the way. It was stated on February 4 that the First Cruiser Squadron and the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry had arrived at Singapore on the previous day, and were leaving for Shanghai. There is already at Shanghai a considerable force of British troops, besides the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, which is equipped with armoured cars. After the evacuation of the British Concession at Hankow handed over to their Soviet advisers, who have terrorised the Chinese of the Yangtze Valley.

British women and children refugees were sent from thence by river steamers down the Yangtze to Shanghai, where a group of British women organised a committee and found shelter for them. Many missionaries also sought refuge at Shanghai from various disturbed parts of China. Of the Ankuochun Army in the province of Kiangsu, a note supplied with our photographs says: "It is this line of defence that has halted the advance of the 'Red' menace of the Yangtze Valley."

"Friendly Fearlessness": A White Among the Blacks.

"SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN." By C. W. DOMVILLE FIFE.*

IN "Savage Life in the Black Sudan," Mr. Domville Fife has added a tributary to what the tome-ridden reviewers of Norway have come to call the book-flood; but not even they will blame him for swelling the stream. *Bilad-es-Sudan* retains much that is mysterious, much that is little known, more that is curious; and our author is an excellent investigator who has discovered, to his own surprise and for the entertainment of his readers, that "there are regions in Central Africa to-day which have advanced but little since the time of Baker, Stanley, Livingstone, Park, Petherick, Schweinfurth, Gessi, Junker and other explorers of the sixties, seventies and eighties."

To the truth of this there are many to testify. Note the witnesses, pleading manners and customs.

First: the giant, riverine, herd-bartering Shilluks, "seldom less than six or seven feet in height, who dress their hair in such elaborate style that they have to sleep with only their necks supported by wooden trestles." With them, obviously, the barber is "a most influential and respected person . . . because his office is hereditary and his work second in importance only to those of cattle-breeding and fighting." The neighbourhood of his three-legged stool is not good for the nostrils of the white, but the traveller endured its nauseous odours of excrement rather than retire without information as to a process disgusting in its details but astonishing in the odd artistry of its results. And he was intrigued by the fees paid for treatment—a sheep or a goat, cattle, fish-hooks or spears. Men only are thus concerned. "The Shilluk girl . . . affects a puritanical but much cleaner form of head-dress. She has the front portion of the skull shaved and the remainder shingled very close to the head."

Further, he came to realise anew the complexities of the primitive life that we call simple: to unravel the intricacies of observances concerned with birth, marriage, and death; the inner meanings of dances; the why and the wherefore of feuds and initiations; the wiles of the hunter and the food-seeker; the sinuosities of the cult of Nyikwang, the mythical, ancestral spirit; and the symbolism behind the coronation of the Mek, the ruler.

On the south bank of the sacred river of the Shilluks, the King sits on a leopard-skin, the while the people of the north sacrifice a white bull and the people of the south offer a young girl. Then: "The Mek is first partially bathed in warm water and then in cold, so that he may never be too cold or too hot. He is then treated rudely, and must patiently submit, so that he may always be humble. Next he is worshipped by the whole assembly on their knees, because he is the Son of Nyikwang. His feet are thrust into coarse sandals of hippopotamus hide and in these he must walk, so that he may understand poverty and suffering. The raw meat of gazelle and hippopotamus is then placed before him by slaves, so that he may always have plenty and yet eat sparingly. *Merissa* is offered in vast amounts, but is only accepted in small quantities, as a symbol of moderation. Finally, three boys run dramatically towards him with spears reversed, so that the points are against their breasts, and the Mek must press the shafts of these weapons sufficiently to cause blood to trickle down the naked black bodies, signifying that he will rule firmly and humanely."

Next: the Dinkas, "once the Zulus of the Upper Nile," naked, with hair curled into red rolls; totemic; drinkers of hot, fresh blood; venerated of bulls, animals so sacred and esteemed that "when not

out hunting, the male Dinka lives in the *maraha*, or cattle zeriba. He sings to his bulls, praising their manifold virtues and their brute strength; he dances before them so that they may be pleased and not grow lazy or sterile; he tends them when sick, in fear that they may die; he twists their horns into fantastic shapes while they are young so that to him, as well as to the cows, they may appear beautiful; and he sleeps in the pen with them at



"EACH LITTLE HILL, OR COMMUNITY, SPEAKS A LANGUAGE WHICH IS TOTALLY UNINTELLIGIBLE TO MOST OF ITS NEIGHBOURS"; A NUBA VILLAGE OF THE GULUD GROUP.

Reproductions from "Savage Life in the Black Sudan." By Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co.

night not only to guard them, but because it is the club-house of the young men of the tribe."

Then the wild Nuers, bloodshot of eyes through living almost continuously in the smoke of dung fires, but born fighters who have a taste for boiled blood and wear the terrible, flesh-tearing claw-wristlet favoured also by certain Dinkas and Shilluks; the Nuers who worship the Sacred Spear of Kir, which is said to have fallen from the sky when the first Dinka was born, and thus provides a problem for



A BAD SIGN, AS PRESAGING WAR: NUBAS COLLECTING GRAIN TO STORE IT IN CAVES. "Every Nuba *Jebel* is honeycombed with caves in which are stored both food and water in large semi-circular earthenware pans, for use in case of need. These supplies are continually being changed."

students of origins; the Nuers who sport a pipe associated with a tobacco-pouch of three purposes! "The bowl is fashioned of clay and is fitted with a reed stem, about thirty inches long, which has an immense mouthpiece made of calabash. . . . More curious. . . is the tobacco-pouch, which consists of a piece of *ambach* wood, about three feet in length with a diameter of five inches. This is hollowed out to contain the smoking requisites, and also has a large hole almost midway down to allow of its being gripped by the hand and used as a shield. The same hole is so shaped as to fit the neck of its owner, and is used as a pillow for sleeping purposes. Both men and women smoke these curious pipes, and are frequently seen walking along supporting them with one hand while they do their work with the other."

Follow: the Zande nation, of the so-called Niam-Niam country, and those of the Yambio district, who

number amongst them numerous adherents of *Bili*, a secret society practising obscene rites whose power is such that none dare disobey or betray.

And the Nubas, whose women will seldom wed a man who has not killed an enemy; natives whose tribes live each on their own hill and confront the traveller with an unusual linguistic embarrassment in that "each little hill, or community, speaks a language which is totally unintelligible to most of its neighbours." Amongst them, Mr. Domville Fife saw strange things and heard of stranger. Let us cite an instance or two.

The Nuba religion recognises a supreme god called *Baal*, "who is believed to reside in the heavens, but directs all earthly affairs through the medium of the spirits of the ancestors of each community. From the first inhabitants of each tribe, or hill, *Baal* is supposed to have chosen a number of spirits, which varies according to the size of the community, to watch over the affairs of their earthly descendants. These spirits are called *Arro*. . . . Every *Arro*, or guiding spirit, is represented on earth by a medium, whom, for lack of any other name, I will call by the Arabic title of *Kujur*. . . . The office of *Kujur* is not in any way hereditary. On the death of one of these priests his successor is chosen through a trance, and therefore corresponds to what has become known to civilisation as a medium. The *Kujur's* trance is one of the most weird ceremonies I have ever witnessed," adds

the author. "It takes place in public. Anyone of the tribe who feels that he is called to the priesthood can come forward for the trial ceremony. By starvation combined with will power he must throw himself into a trance, and the *Arro* will then take possession of the body or not as it thinks fit. If the medium receives the spirit he first emits eerie shrieks and is then given a changed voice and an eloquence to address the assembled tribe. The new *Kujur* is then installed with certain rites, which include the presentation of the iron-ringed and narrow-headed battle-axe of his predecessor. . . . If it is afterwards proved that the trance was feigned . . . the would-be priest or tribal counsellor is disgraced. . . . If, however, the spirit of the *Arro* refuses to take possession of the body offered, then it is considered that the temporal home was either mentally or physically unsuitable; but the act of making the offer is looked upon as piety."

Curiouser and curiouser, as Alice would have said, "iron rations" for naked — and, therefore, pocketless — hunters! "We came suddenly upon a small party of hunters with the most extraordinary head-dress I have ever seen," remarks Mr. Domville Fife. "It appeared to be a series of white sausage-like curls all over the head, but on closer inspection and inquiry it was discovered to consist of butter and maize flour, made into rolls formed round wisps of hair. The drying action of the hot sun hardens the crust and leaves the inside of these rolls quite moist and doughy. By forming them round a number of hairs to which they cling tenaciously, food is carried without difficulty. When required, one or more of these white curls are pulled away from the hair of the head and eaten either raw or baked in an oven made of hot stones." Unpleasant, but effective; and, perhaps, no worse than their flies and locusts covered with honey and consumed alive or their slugs and non-poisonous snakes!

And, writing of flies, one may recall the point that the Nubas of the Koalib group fought raiding Arab horsemen by introducing the tsetse fly into their country; and have suffered accordingly, despite the belief that they can call up the scourge at will and that their cattle are reputed to be immune.

There we leave "Savage Life in the Black Sudan" in the hands of the general reader, confident that he will enjoy heartily the fruits of that "friendly fearlessness" with which the adventurous author met the natives he set out to study.

E. H. G.

* "Savage Life in the Black Sudan: An Account of an Adventurous Journey of Exploration amongst Wild and Little-Known Tribes Inhabiting Swamps, Dense Forests, Mountain-Tops, and Arid Deserts Hitherto almost Unknown, with a Description of their Manner of Living, Secret Societies and Mysterious and Barbaric Rites." By C. W. Domville Fife, Author of "Among Wild Tribes of the Amazons," "The Real South America," etc., etc. With Illustrations and two Maps. (Seeley, Service and Co.; 21s. net.)

FOOD AS A HEAD-DRESS: HAIRY "IRON RATIONS"; OTHER COIFFURES.

REPRODUCED FROM "SAVAGE LIFE IN THE BLACK SUDAN," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. SEELEY, SERVICE AND CO.



STUPEFIED BY OVER-INDULGENCE IN THE NATIVE DRINK, MERISSA: DINKA WOMEN DANCE-LEADERS WEARING ROAN CRESTS ROUND THEIR HEADS.



THE SADDLE AND ITS LOAD BALANCED BY THE MAN SITTING ON TOP OF IT: A BULL-RIDER ARMED WITH HIS LONG SPEAR.



HEAD-DRESSES DUPLICATED SO THAT THEIR MIRRORLESS WEARERS MAY JUDGE THE EFFECT: SHILLUKS AFTER A VISIT TO THE BARBER.



SHILLUK HAIR-DRESSING WITH REPELLENT MATERIALS: AN EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE USE OF A DISGUSTING "POMADE."



SHOWING A COIFFURE FOR WHICH THE BARBER WOULD CHARGE A SHEEP OR FISH-HOOKS: A SHILLUK.



INCLUDING A GIRL SPOTTED TO REPRESENT A LEOPARD: THE FAMILY OF A NUBA CHIEF.



WITH BUTTER AND MAIZE FLOUR FORMED INTO ROLLS ROUND WISPS OF THEIR HAIR: NUBA HUNTERS WITH THE EMERGENCY RATIONS THEY PULL FROM THEIR HEADS WHEN HUNGRY, AND EAT EITHER RAW OR BAKED.

In his extremely interesting book, "Savage Life in the Black Sudan," Mr. C. W. Domville Fife tells, amongst other things, of the remarkable coiffures worn by certain of the native tribes. The strangest of all is that illustrated on the right-hand side of this page. A full description of this is in the article opposite; but it may be noted here that what appears to be a series of white curls covering the head is really emergency food, "iron rations" consisting of butter and maize flour made into rolls formed round wisps of the hair. The sun hardens the crust of these rolls, leaving the inside moist. When food is required, the Nuba hunter pulls away one or more of the "curls" and eats it, either raw or baked. It

may be remarked, also, that Shilluk hair-dressing, in particular, is as peculiar as it is repellent. The fanciful forms are obtained very largely by the use of a "pomade" made of excrement. The village barber is a most important person and receives fees of a sheep or a goat, cattle, fish-hooks or spears. Needless to say, the necessary operations being so elaborate, the hair is not dressed very frequently, and the wearers of these coiffures sleep with their necks resting on wooden supports, in order not to disturb the hair. Very often two men will have their hair done in exactly the same way; so that they can judge of the effect without the use of mirrors.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: ARRESTING VIEWS OF

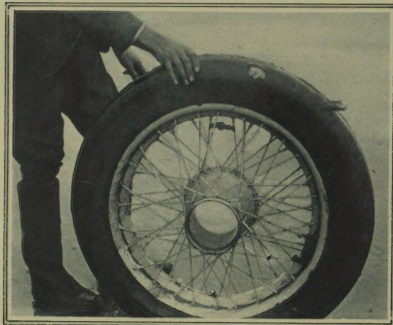
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL.



IN THE CAR IN WHICH (JUST AFTERWARDS) HE MADE A NEW SPEED RECORD OF OVER 174 MILES AN HOUR: CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL ON THE SLIPWAY AT PENDINE SANDS.



CLEARING THE TRACK ON PENDINE SANDS, CARMARTHENSHIRE, FOR CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S RECORD-BREAKING RUNS: DEPOSITING SHELLS PICKED UP BY CHILDREN AND STOWED IN A LORRY.



THE CAUSE OF CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S MISHAP A FEW DAYS BEFORE HE MADE HIS NEW SPEED RECORDS: A TYRE DEFLATED BY SHARP-EDGED SHELLS (ONE SEEN PLACED IN A CUT).



A WELL-KNOWN LADY GOLFER FACES A BATTERY OF CAMERAS AFTER HER MARRIAGE: MR. HERBERT GUEDALLA AND HIS BRIDE (MISS EDITH LEITCH) LEAVING THE REGISTRY.

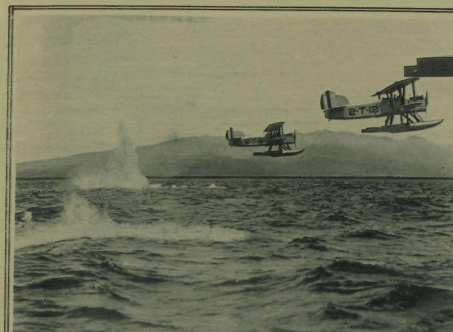
Captain Malcolm Campbell at last succeeded, on February 4, after many disappointments, in beating the international motor-car speed "records" for the flying mile and the flying kilometre, in his Napier-Campbell car (with a 450-h.p. Napier aero engine) on Pendine Sands, Carmarthenshire. His mean speed for the kilometre was 174.563 m.p.h. and for the mile 174.224 m.p.h. On his previous attempt, a few days before, he had been felled by three cuts in a tyre caused by shells on the beach. A recurrence of this mishap was prevented by numbers of children and others removing shells from the track. On one section of his run (for 37 of a mile), Captain Campbell attained 193.2 m.p.h.—The funeral of General Sir George Higginson, who died in his 101st year and was known as the "Father" of the Guards, took place at Marlow Parish Church on February 3, with military honours. A detachment of the 2nd Grenadier Guards from Windsor formed an escort, and sergeants from the same battalion acted as bearers. The Bishop of Buckingham officiated.—The value of safety



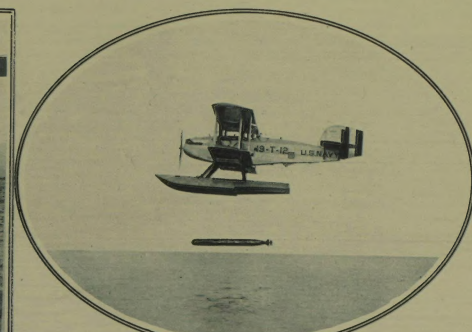
ARCTIC CONDITIONS IN A LINER ARRIVING AT NEW YORK: PASSENGERS IN THE S.S. "FRANCE" ON THE BOAT DECK COVERED WITH FROZEN SPRAY.

MEMORABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR.

UNDERWOOD, C.N., ACME, AND PHOTOPRESS.



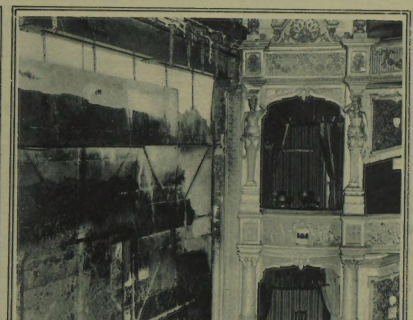
THE TORPEDO AS A WEAPON OF NAVAL AIRCRAFT: TWO, DROPPED FROM HYDROPLANES, PLOUGHING THROUGH THE WATER TOWARDS MARK, DURING UNITED STATES NAVAL MANOEUVRES OFF SAN DIEGO.



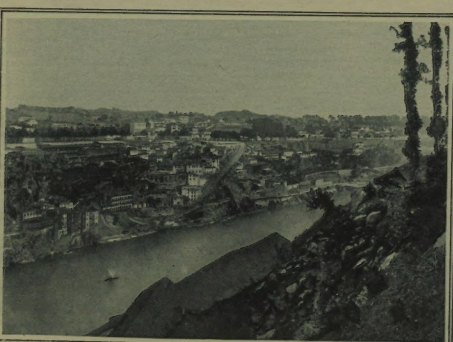
SHOWING A TORPEDO, DROPPED BY THE HYDROPLANE, IN THE AIR BEFORE REACHING THE WATER: UNITED STATES NAVAL MANOEUVRES WITH A NEW TYPE OF TORPEDO-CARRYING AIRCRAFT.



THE CENTENARIAN "FATHER" OF THE GUARDS LAID TO REST: THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL SIR GEORGE HIGGINSON AT MARLOW—THE MOTOR-HEARSE WITH GRENADEER GUARDSMEN AS BEARERS.



THE VALUE OF SAFETY CURTAINS IN THEATRES DEMONSTRATED: THE INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, HALIFAX, AFTER THE RECENT FIRE, SHOWING HOW THE AUDITORIUM ESCAPED DAMAGE.



RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT FORCES AFTER PART OF THE GARRISON HAD REVOLTED: OPORTO—A VIEW OF THE CITY ACROSS THE DOURO.

curtains in theatres was demonstrated recently at Halifax, when a serious fire occurred in the Theatre Royal and the fireproof curtain saved the building from complete destruction.—Mr. Herbert Guedalla, Chairman of the Imperial and Foreign Corporation, and Miss Edith Leitch, one of the famous family of golfing sisters, were married before the Registrar at Marylebone Town Hall on February 5.—Arctic weather was recently experienced in the Atlantic, and ships arrived at New York covered with frozen spray.—Part of the garrison of Oporto revolted on February 3, and martial law was proclaimed by the Portuguese Government. Loyal troops and artillery occupied Serra do Pilar, on the south bank of the Douro. Later it was reported that on the 5th Oporto was bombarded, and that some civilians were killed and wounded and property damaged. A message of the 7th from Lisbon said that the Oporto rebels had refused to surrender and fighting had been resumed. The city was again bombarded. Mutinous demonstrations were also reported from Lisbon.



SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL AND THE OLDER PART OF THE CITY: ANOTHER VIEW OF OPORTO, THE SECOND CITY OF PORTUGAL, LATELY BOMBARDED.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

POLITICAL biography, to be entertaining, needs enthusiasm, wit, humour, and imagination. Enthusiasm alone is not enough; I daresay Mrs. Markham was enthusiastic. It is easier, too, when your hero has a nickname that denotes a certain liveliness in himself, or affectionate regard in the public—such as "Cupid," or "Pam," or "Jix," or "Honest John."

This happy combination in the qualities of author and subject appears in "PALMERSTON." By Philip Guedalla. Illustrated (Ernest Benn; 25s.). The very title-page bears an index of that lighter touch in the treatment of history and politics which Mr. Guedalla has made his own to such pleasing effect. Historians of the austere sort do not take their titular quotations from the comic poets, but Lord Palmerston's latest biographer sums him up in a verse from "Pinafore." The quips of the Gilbertian

daily from Mr. Disraeli's house in Bloomsbury Square to a solicitor's office in Old Jewry." Curiously enough, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli were all married in the same year—1839.

Allusions to Gladstone are naturally frequent. Of him in 1860, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, we read: "Less stern, perhaps, than the sepulchral dignity of his later phase (he was remembered in that year as 'quite enthusiastic about negro melodies . . .') he was unquestionably austere . . . nowhere more austere than upon questions of public expenditure. . . . Palmerston's alarming taste for national defence drove him almost to distraction. Most Chancellors would rather balance a Budget than launch an ironclad."

In these days of anxiety about Shanghai, it is almost topical to study Palmerston's firm handling of Chinese affairs in 1857. When he was in power, there was no fear of British subjects abroad lacking protection. His great apologia in reply to the Lords' vote of censure in 1850 ended with the words: "As the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity, when he could say, *Civis Romanus sum*; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong."

Palmerston's eighty years covered great changes in English taste and manners. "Stated in terms of art," says Mr. Guedalla, "his life unites an almost legendary past to our own time: when he was born, Reynolds was painting Mrs. Siddons, and Swinburne published *Atalanta in Calydon* in the year that he died." In 1859 occurs an amusing account of the old Premier's "slightly devastating contact with the arts," when "that ancient child of the eighteenth century" compelled an architect mad on Gothic to build the Foreign Office in Italian style he hated. With Palmerston's death, Mr. Guedalla concludes, "The last candle of the eighteenth century was out."

The next scene on the political stage occurs, incidentally, in "EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY." By F. W. Hirst. Illustrated; two vols. (Macmillan; 25s.). "Upon the death of Lord Palmerston," we read here, "the era of political stagnation ended. Earl Russell became Prime Minister, with Gladstone as leader of the House of Commons." Though the lives of Palmerston and Morley overlapped by twenty-seven years (Morley was born in 1838, the year before Palmerston's marriage), there are but few links of allusion between the two biographies, which obviously represent different political opinions. Morley did not become prominent (as editor of the *Fort-*

nightly) until a year after Palmerston's death, and did not enter Parliament until eighteen years after.

Mr. Hirst has one other reference to Palmerston. "During Morley's undergraduate days (at Lincoln, Oxford) British rule in India was threatened by the Mutiny. The China War of 1857 terminated in the triumph of Palmerstonian jingoism and a momentary extinction of the Manchester School in Parliament. Lord Derby's brief administration of 1858-9 was cut short. . . . Again Palmerston became Premier. But his administration included Gladstone, and . . . Liberalism steadily gained ground." Mr. Guedalla gives a more convivial account of the same proceedings. "Mr. Gladstone . . . still retained a dubious vision of Tory reunion; but he dined with Whigs. . . . So Palmerston in 1859 assembled every element of Liberalism—the Whigs, the Radicals, and (less simply classified) Mr. Gladstone—and, by a pleasing irony, the Liberal Party was founded at Almack's by that ancient beau." The "beau" of this stratagem, I take it, was Palmerston.

Mr. Francis Hirst's record of the first, or "editorial," phase of the late Lord Morley's career, up to his election to Parliament in 1883, is much livelier than the above extracts might suggest, and he makes a plentiful use of interesting letters. He knew John Morley intimately from 1898, when he was invited to help him in exploring the Hawarden archives for Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and indicates that Morley tacitly regarded him as his own "Boswell." These first two volumes reveal "an earlier Morley—dashing journalist, ardent rationalist, impetuous radical, critic of church and throne." The later Morley, of the ten-years-ploughed "Irish sands" and of Indian reform, is reserved for a further instalment.

Readers of Mr. Hirst's able and interesting work will make their own allowances, in respect of politics, for partisan feeling and the bias of hero-worship. Much in these volumes, however, is concerned with literary topics outside the range of political controversy, notably one that is not uncommonly discussed to-day—the ethics of biography. "He was sometimes shocked," says Mr. Hirst,

"by the indiscretions of modern imitation Grevilles, and by the fictitious conversations, tasteless gossip, or unfounded libels upon the dead in which the worst of them abound . . . but I never heard him regret his responsibility for the biographies he himself wrote . . . or edited. . . . In the case of Matthew Arnold, who had especially desired that no biography should be written of him, Morley made public his approval of the family's decision to print two volumes of correspondence. . . . A few years later Morley commissioned his friend Herbert Paul to write a Memoir of Matthew Arnold for the English Men of Letters series. . . . Though Thackeray had enjoined his children to suppress all inquiries into his life, Morley put Thackeray into his series, entrusting him to the competent charge of Anthony Trollope."

Tennyson, we know, condoled with any eminent person—

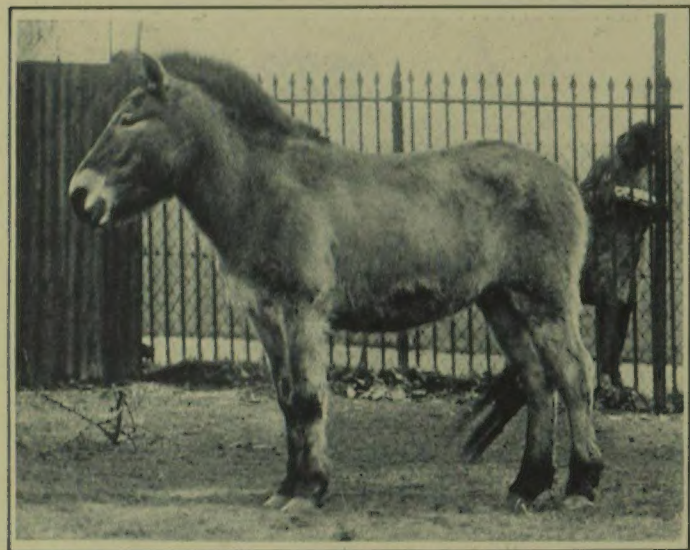
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd.

But John Morley, Mr. Hirst thinks, would have agreed with a certain lady who, when her distinguished husband deprecated any literary inquest on himself, pointed out that it was not for him to decide, but for his family and friends.

For an admirable impression of Lord Morley, as a bookman, in the evening of his days, I would refer readers to "PAGES IN WAITING." By James Milne (Lane; 6s.), a little volume of essays by one who has known the literary world of London intimately for many years. "We shall get no more books," says Mr. Milne (evidently after an interview) from a most illustrious man of English letters. . . . 'So to my home in the falling daylight' was his word of literary farewell. Who has not read that lovely passage in the 'Recollections,' who has not put it in the archives of the heart as one of the noblest good-byes in English literature?"

Mr. Milne ranges genially over a wide landscape in the world of books, from a talk with Sir Harry Lauder on his manuscript about Burns, to the verse of Gerald Massey and W. S. Gilbert, and some unfinished English novels. In a chapter on "Our Oldest Publishing House"—Longmans, to wit—I find this interesting allusion to the fairy books of Andrew Lang. Mr. Milne says: "If you have an old copy of 'The Book of Princes and Princesses,' look it up, and you will find it dedicated to 'Elizabeth Angela Margaret Bowes-Lyon.' If you have a new copy you will instantly realise that this was the little Scottish girl who is now her Royal Highness the Duchess of York." In commending Mr. Milne's book to our readers I will only add that the "page in waiting" on the jacket is not a portrait of him.

The importance of my subjects this week has lured me from the paths of brevity, and I must leave other books for future excursions. Among them are two on French history—"THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES." By G. F. Bradley (Benn; 12s. 6d.), and "THE EARLIEST TIMES." By Fr. Funck-Brentano (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.); with a cognate quartette of volumes—"OLD LONDON." By Gertrude Burford Rawlings (Bles; 10s. 6d.), "NIGHTS IN LONDON." By Horace Wyndham (Lane; 15s.), "WHEN LONDON SLEEPS: HISTORICAL JOURNEYS INTO THE



A RARE SURVIVING LINK IN THE ANCESTRY OF THE HORSE: THE PREJEVALSKI'S MARE (OR MONGOLIAN WILD PONY) GIVEN TO THE "ZOO" BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford, President of the Zoological Society, has presented to the Gardens this exceedingly rare and interesting animal from his collection at Woburn. The mare is being mated with a horse of the same species already at the "Zoo." The Prejevalski's horse, or Mongolian wild pony, is the only wild species surviving from one of the ancestral stocks of the domestic horse. Though now found only in Central Asia, it existed in vast herds in Europe some 30,000 years ago, and was a main source of food for Magdalenian man, as is proved by the quantity of its bones occurring in prehistoric cave dwellings of France and Spain, by wall paintings in rock shelters, and carvings of horses on rock, bone, and ivory. Among its characteristic points are an erect mane, without forelock, and a tail like a donkey's.—(Photograph by G.P.A.)

Muse often express political acumen, and so do the coruscations of the Guedallan prose. In this style I could enjoy a whole library of Parliamentary memoirs, wherein—

Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May.

But it must not be supposed that Mr. Guedalla's work is merely facetious and superficial. As a historian, his motto is—*ars est celare apparatus*. "I have always felt," he writes, "that there is a Muse, no less than a method, of history; and using (though I hope concealing) the full apparatus of research and documents, I have done my best to paint his [i.e., Palmerston's] portrait." How full the "apparatus" was may be judged from the fact that the list of authorities consulted (books and MSS.) occupies no less than thirty pages. To travel easily over such mountains of material needs a cool head and consummate skill. Mr. Guedalla wears "all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower." Under his gay motley is the hair-shirt of erudition. (I suspect myself of some such remark about his last book, a year or so ago—*percamus qui ante nos nostra diximus*. Probably no present-day M.P. will understand that, except our classical Prime Minister.)

Explaining the *raison d'être* of his work, Mr. Guedalla suggests that Palmerston's amazing political longevity and "genius for survival" may have scared off the chroniclers, and "has startled biography into one of its rare silences," albeit, in Victorian times, "the slightly rakish figure was gravely mummified in five volumes by pious, contemporary hands." It was not superfluous, therefore, that a modern mind should go back to this ministerial Methuselah. The author has had access to much unused material. Through Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who occupy Palmerston's old home at Broadlands, near Romsey, he consulted, among much else, the unpublished letters of Lady Palmerston, the Melbourne correspondence, and Palmerston's early letters to his mother.

Mr. Guedalla has a picturesque method of touching in the atmosphere of a period, by visualising a typical group of personages engaged simultaneously in their several activities, rather in the manner of film "retrospects," or scenes on a multiple stage. Thus: "The advent of Mr. Canning in 1822 was, perhaps, the dawn of modern politics. Almost by premonition he waited for the summons in a large house at Liverpool, where a small Etonian named Gladstone kicked his heels; and far away a youth, who startled the other artful clerks with a black velvet suit and ruffles and red clocks on his stockings, sauntered



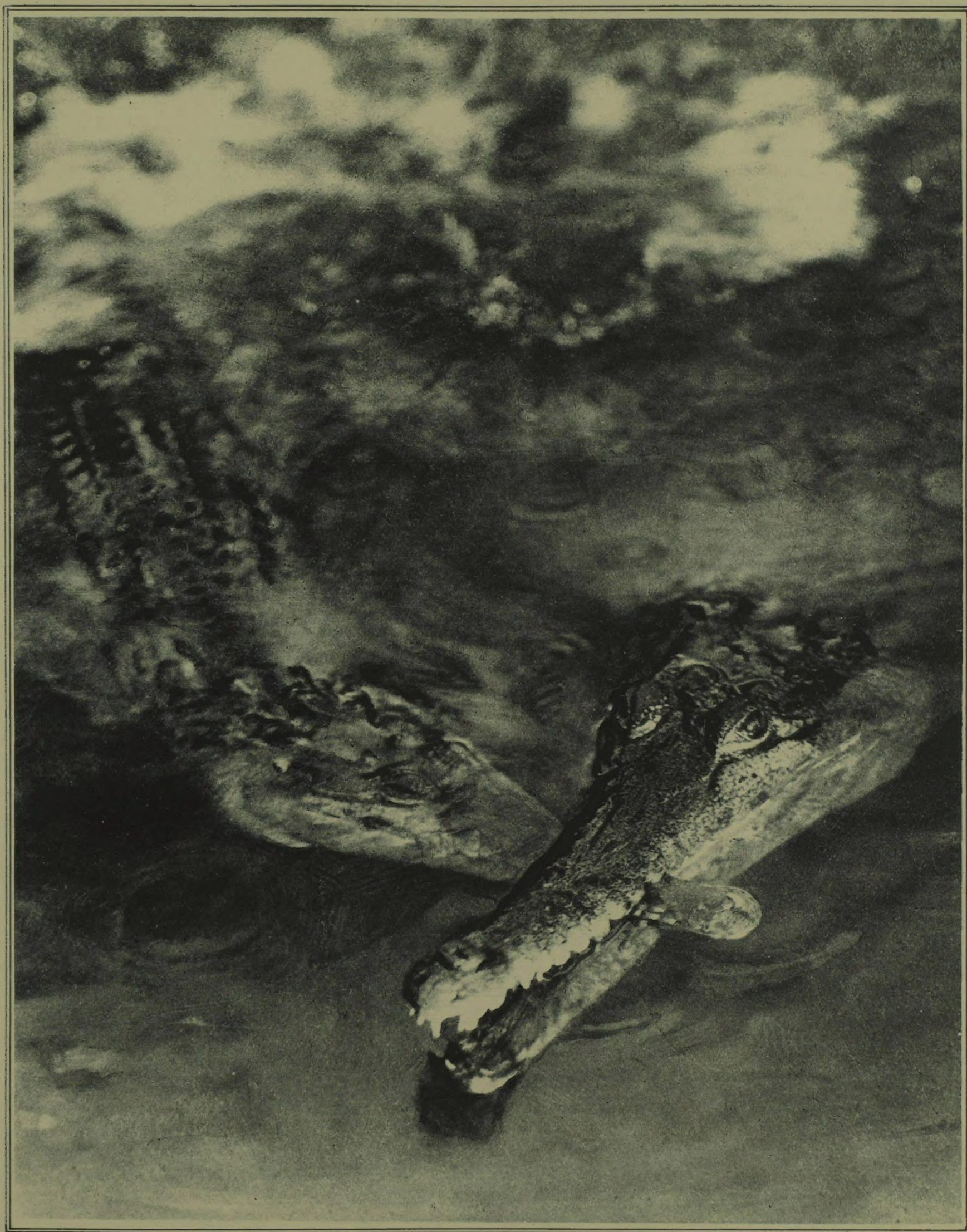
TESTING A NEW HELMET APPARATUS FOR STUDYING THE CHEMISTRY OF BREATHING: DR. T. M. CARPENTER, OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON (U.S.), DEMONSTRATING THE INVENTION AT THE SCIENCE EXHIBITION RECENTLY HELD THERE.

Photograph by P. and A.

SUBURBS." By Walter George Bell (Lane; 7s. 6d.), and "THE STORY OF THE CITY COMPANIES." By P. H. Ditchfield (Foulis; 10s. 6d.). Royal biography is represented in "CHARLES I. IN CAPTIVITY." By Gertrude Scott Stevenson (Arrowsmith; 15s.), Egyptology, in "A HISTORY OF THE PHARAONS." By Arthur Weigall. Vol. II. (Thornton Butterworth; 21s.), and scientific exploration in—"THE ARCTURUS ADVENTURE." By William Beebe (Putnam; 25s.). That ancient sage who was impressed by "the making of many books" must, I think, have been a reviewer. C. E. B.

TO THE DEATH: NEARING THE END OF A FORLORN-HOPE FIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCIS BIRTLES.



THE SUCCESSFUL "DUELLIST" GRIPPING THE SNOUT OF HIS OPPONENT AND KEEPING HIS HEAD UNDER WATER
IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO DROWN HIM: JOHNSTON CROCODILES AT WAR.

Describing this remarkable photograph, a correspondent writes: "This picture was secured by Mr. Francis Birtles, the well-known Australian overland motorist, during a recent visit to Arnhem Land, an unfrequented portion of the northern territory of Australia. It has a unique interest for naturalists, as the Johnston crocodile of Australia is generally looked upon as being quite good-tempered.

The two shown are seen fighting to the death, and the photograph was taken at a crucial point in the struggle—when one of the contestants had secured a firm grip on the snout of the other, and was endeavouring to keep his head under water to drown him. The adversary was making a forlorn-hope fight in the hope of getting to dry land. He was unsuccessful."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"... HAPPILY EVER AFTER."—EXIT BARNES.

OFTEN when I go to a first performance I am reminded of a word of Théophile Gautier, the great dramatic critic of the Second Empire. Realism had not yet penetrated to the stage in those days, and it was expected of the playwright to wind up his plays with a definite note. A happy ending—or death. Final queries, such as became a vogue with Ibsen's "Doll's House," would not have been understood even by the Parisians, then the most advanced playgoers in the world. They did not mind death, because, as the little *ouvrière* said after "Frou-Frou," "I had a good cry and I never felt so happy in my life." But they preferred what they called the note consoling!—the kiss that makes up for many things, or the wedding bells in the distance. Now, on one occasion there was a play in which the hero and the heroine had both committed such grievous crimes that, humanly surmising, there was no possibility for their happiness in the future. Yet, by a *tour de force*, the playwright allowed the curtain to fall on a love-scene heralding matrimony. The public accepted it in great glee, but when Gautier was asked what he thought of the play, he simply retorted, "It made me miserable—for now the tragedy begins."

How true those words! How often does not the discriminating playgoer feel that to create a happy ending the dramatist creates an absolute incongruity—that he links up temperaments which, normally conceived, cannot work well in double harness; that he condones occurrences which cannot but lead to bitter aftermath! Yet the public, especially the pleasure-seeking majority, would always prefer that consoling note, however, illogical, to a natural *dénouement*. To put it plainly: plays that end sadly do not pay. This peculiar tendency of the public towards happy solutions has led to strange happenings. More than one play could be named which, after a lukewarm reception on the first night, was kept alive by a drastic reform of the last act. One of Pinero's finest works of the 'nineties, "The Profligate," which ended with the death of the culpable hero, failed to draw in its original form, and did not enjoy a fair amount of popularity until the author consented to rescue the principal character from the fatal issue. What it must have cost him thus to alter a work of artistic value can only be surmised. But in such cases—and they are legion—it is a question of to bend or to break. And so, in order to create a market—as it is commonly called—the playwright, especially the newcomer, has to "wind up happily," when conscientiously he knows that such termination ethically ruins his whole scheme.

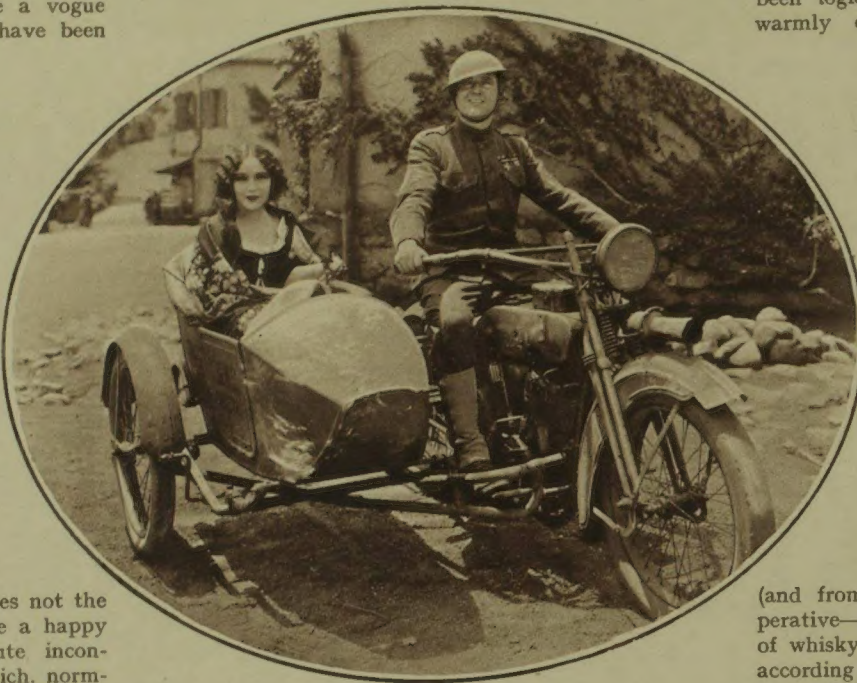
Recently several plays in manuscript came under my notice. Every one of these ended as it should—either on a query or a disaster, or a parting of the ways. I warned the authors that, for all the praise they deserved for their deft workmanship, these plays would go a-begging through their indefinite or joyless ending. They would hardly believe me, and I merely suggested "Try." Well, they did try; tried again, and in vain. The result was that two of the authors, craving to become known, in despair had their works printed and published; and the third, unbeknown to me, his sponsor, rewrote his last act and found a home for it. When I saw it produced, I was frankly flummoxed. The new end fitted the action as—to use a saying in Flanders—as a clenched fist befits the eye. Yet the public accepted the forced, irrational ending without a murmur (and with much applause) at a trial performance, and, as I write, I understand that active negotiations are in progress for a run—in the same quarter where the play had been refused for its "unhappy ending."

It is difficult to understand why in England, in contrast to all other countries, in the regular theatre, the "happily ever after" is practically a *sine qua non*. Whenever the question is discussed, the answer

is: "After the day's toil and business, I want to be gladdened, not saddened." Quite so; and for those playgoers (the majority, I admit) there is plenty of scope in comedies, comic opera, and the like. These are the people who prefer to be amused

treated by her husband, falling into one another's arms with a *souffon* of "bygones be bygones" and the indubitable vista that after the final curtain their lives will be a hell on earth? The tragedy begins, forsooth—and yet—and yet, your playgoer will applaud in contentment; whereas, if things had been logically wound up, he would probably lukewarmly clap the players and curse the playwright "under his breath." Here is a strange puzzle—the stranger since the same audience that would suffer boredom in witnessing a modern play à la "Macbeth," would enjoy the tragedy of Shakespeare. Perhaps, one may say, this is due to "snobism"; but is it? I rather believe that it is a question of mentality. To Shakespeare performances the average playgoer goes, as it were, with his mind in evening-dress; to the play of modern life he goes mentally equipped in jacket and plus fours: just as he goes in a different spirit to the solemn, social, or civic function or to a cabaret. In sum and in candour let us strike at the root of the question. For all our manifest interest in and lip service to the drama, we look upon the theatre as a pastime, not to be taken *au sérieux*, and so long as that spirit prevails the happy ending will, in the main (and from the box-office point of view) remain imperative—as imperative, and as noxious, as a night-cap of whisky after an excellent dinner with champagne, according to connoisseurs the natural antagonist to the potable spirit distilled from cereal grains!

The coquette little theatre at Barnes has been sold by Mr. Philip Ridgeway to a cinema group, and it is hoped that he will not regret it as much as the "earnest students" of the drama who so often cheerfully made the pilgrimage and will recall memorable evenings. For the Barnes Theatre in less than two years has made history. It made Tchekov a household word in our world of the theatre. The performances, mainly those directed by Mr. Komisarjevsky, were remarkable for their quality. Here actors of renown were glad to play for a tithe of their usual salary; here many reputations were made by many of the young generation. Like "Q," it had become a fountain-head of novelty and experiment. Mr. Ridgeway's policy was as progressive as it was catholic. One has but to recall, besides Tchekov, the productions of Gogol's "Inspector General" and John Drinkwater's adaptation of "Tess" to realise that. Nor is it out of place to pay a tribute to Mr. Ridgeway for his pluck and enterprise. His was a purely artistic venture, and one which often yielded more kudos than shekels. For the public had to be trained to the distance from town and to appreciate the quality of the plays—many of them "caviare" to the multitude and not amusing in the general sense of the word. Still, the *clientèle* was growing; the theatre became gradually better known; it was fashionable to go to Barnes; and in time there was every prospect that the little house would create for London what Antoine did for Paris and the Kammerspiele for Berlin: a permanent home for artistic plays deserving a hearing but unlikely to appeal to mere commercial enterprise. For in many respects the theatre was ideal for such propaganda. Here could be done with a few hundreds what further west would cost thousands. The very rental of the place made one's mouth water. It was sold for £7000—at, say, five per cent., £350 per annum—less than one pound per performance! And now it will be a cinema. What a great opportunity lost! Well, it is no use crying over spilt milk; we can only fondly hope that Mr. Ridgeway, in spreading his wings, will not forget that his work at Barnes made his reputation as a London manager, and that when he is in command of West End theatres he will continue to add to the pleasure of the intelligentsia.



SERGEANT QUIRT SCORES A POINT IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY?" THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, CHARMAINE (DOLORES DEL RIO), GOES FOR A JOY RIDE.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Fox Film Company.

and are not content to be entertained. They are the people who do not care to think in the theatre, but want to be "tickled," as the Americans put it. But there is another fairly large section of the public that does not mind witnessing a serious play, provided that the end is cheerful at all costs. Is this not a curious phenomenon? Is there any happiness in marrying off two people in act three, who during



NOT DISCIPLINE OF THE BRITISH ORDER! CAPTAIN FLAGG (VICTOR McLAGLEN) AND SERGEANT QUIRT (EDMUND LOWE) COME TO BLOWS, IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY?"

Photograph by Courtesy of the Fox Film Company.

acts one and two have been by character as sundered as the Poles? Is there happiness in a husband rampantly deceived by a wife, or a wife shamefully

**"OVER TWELVE SQUARE MILES . . . NEAR HOLLYWOOD":
"WHAT PRICE GLORY?"**



THE GREAT WAR AS SHOWN IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY?" BRINGING IN GERMAN PRISONERS AFTER AN ATTACK.



PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR HOLLYWOOD: ADVANCING UP A HILLSIDE PITTED WITH SHELL-CRATERS.



NO MAN'S LAND AS RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE FILM: ADVANCING UNDER SHELL-FIRE IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY?"



ADVANCING AGAINST THE ENEMY: A DRAMATIC EPISODE IN "WHAT PRICE GLORY?"



AFTER A SUCCESSFUL ADVANCE: CONSOLIDATING A CAPTURED POSITION IN THE NEW AMERICAN FILM OF THE GREAT WAR.

"What Price Glory?", which is to be shown for the first time in this country on February 24, is another film picture designed to illustrate a story of the Great War. To quote the official announcement: "An area of over twelve square miles of the Fox property near Hollywood was given over to the battle scenes—French villages, trenches, etc., being built only to be destroyed in these scenes. The principal characters in the picture are . . . an officer and a sergeant, whose

quarrels over different girls in various corners of the earth, leading up to and concluding with their rivalry over the daughter of a French innkeeper during the war in France, forms the real theme of the play. . . . The blazing jealousy of these two characters is shown up against a vivid background of war. Never before has the terror, dirt, tragedy, and futility of warfare been so dramatically depicted on the screen."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE WART-HOG.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOSE who love strange, ugly animals will be glad to know that a wart-hog is once more to be seen at the "Zoo." It is many years since this privilege was ours, and I shall hasten there to refresh my memory. Ugliness is really a relative term. Over some it exercises a species of fascination, and there are a few who will find ugliness dissipated after sympathetic contemplation. I venture to believe that a careful analysis of the many strange features of this strange beast will completely obliterate the first unfavourable impressions which its peculiar physiognomy have given it.

Standing some two feet six high at the withers, and but sparsely covered with bristle-like hair, except along the back, where these bristles are longer and coarser, it gives one the appearance of being "very like a pig." But we are, perhaps unconsciously, measuring it by the standard of our domesticated pigs. That is indeed a mistaken standard. For, in the first place, it is extremely fleet-footed and alert. It is the head, however, which chiefly attracts attention, for it is really a very wonderful head, and presents so many unusual features that it is difficult to bring one's self to analyse them one at a time.

Let us begin with its size and shape. In the first place, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), it is conspicuously long and narrow, with the eyes placed close to the ears and standing well above the level of the centre of the forehead. The snout, just between the enormous tusks, is very wide, and terminates in the typical bare disc pierced by the nostrils. The cheeks, below the eye, and between it and the tusks, are studded with two great fleshy "bosses," or protuberances, which the sportsman has likened to "warts"—hence the name, wart-hog. The animal in this picture, being a female, has these excrescences but feebly developed. They probably serve, in the male, as a protection to the eyes when fighting, for the tusks are dangerous weapons. There are two pairs of these tusks. The upper grow out of a pair of great sockets turning outwards and upwards from the mouth. The tusks set therein range in length from eight to as much as twenty-seven inches; but the lower pair, closely applied to the under surface of the upper tusks, are much smaller; they are capable, however, of inflicting a most frightful wound.

Such are the essential physical peculiarities of this strange animal. It must now be studied in relation to its external environment, for this has had an important bearing on many of the peculiarities to which attention has been drawn. A native of South Africa, it is held by some authorities to be represented by two distinct species. The typical species, they contend, is found south of the Zambesi, and probably extended into Cape Colony, though it is no longer found there. The wart-hog

north of the Zambesi is probably no more than a "local race," or sub-species of the southern form. It ranges through East, Central, and West Africa,

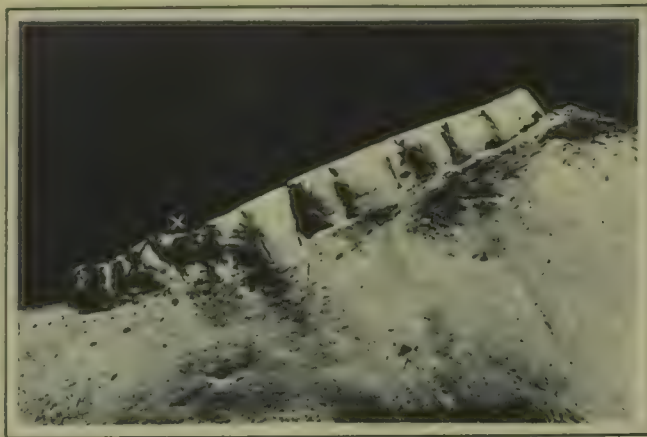


FIG. 1.—WITH THE DISAPPEARING FIRST MOLAR SHOWN AS A BLACK PATCH (X) NEAR THE LEFT END: A SIDE VIEW OF THE WART-HOG'S CHEEK-TEETH.

Seen from the side, the condition of the first molar (X) is well defined. Only the crown is left.

extending on the west from Ashanti to Senegambia and the western Sudan, while on the east it extends into the eastern Sudan and Abyssinia.

Whether these two types be distinct or not, their haunts and habits are practically the same. Always they seek the safe cover of thick thorn-jungle and thin forest with open glades, from which they emerge to feed at night; when, after feeding, they are fond of a mud-bath, where such a luxury is to be had. This habit of living in thick jungle may account for the peculiar position of the eyes, which will afford a better view of approaching enemies than if placed lower down. They remind one much, indeed, of the eyes of the hippopotamus in this matter of their setting in the head: for the hippo lies submerged with only his eyes and nostrils and ears projecting above the surface of the water.

When pursued, wart-hogs maintain an unvarying swift trot, running with head raised and "tails up"—held vertically and surmounted by a tuft of bristles, giving a ludicrous appearance to the fugitive. Owing to the extreme shortness of the neck, it is impossible to turn the head sideways to ascertain whether the enemy be dangerously near, and so the head is thrown upwards in order that the eyes may have a clear view over the back.



FIG. 4.—A STRANGE ANIMAL NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE "ZOO" AGAIN AFTER MANY YEARS: THE WART-HOG—A FEMALE, WITH THE FACE "WARTS" FEBBLY DEVELOPED.

The wart-hog has been described as one of the most hideous of living animals—certainly an overstatement. The great length of the head, the curious position of the eyes, and the "warts" on the face, however, give the creature a decidedly sinister appearance.

This, also, has probably been a factor in determining the position of the eyes. If the situation becomes desperate, they will take refuge in some deserted burrow of the aard-vark, which is entered tail first, so as to present the formidable armature of tusks to the enemy. The female seeks similar burrows wherein to bring forth her young, generally four in number. They run with their mother a full year, but are driven away when the next family is expected. One fact about the coloration of these youngsters is interesting: they are never striped, like young wild boars or the young of the bush-pig, but are always whole-coloured. This is really a very remarkable and surprising fact. The food of this animal consists of roots, berries, and grass, as well as the young shoots of borassus and raffia palms.

And now let us return once more to the teeth of this animal, for in many ways they are remarkable. As touching the tusks, these differ in one very important respect from those of the wild-boar, in the fact that the upper are much longer than the lower, and for this difference no explanation has yet been offered. Again, though the tusks are larger in the boar

than in the sow, the difference is not striking. In the wild-boar the sow's teeth are conspicuously smaller than the boar's. The wart-hog's front, or incisor, teeth are reduced to four short stumps in the lower, and two still shorter stumps in the upper jaw. The lower teeth, from their position and closely crowded relation, would seem to be used as "scoops" for depriving trees of their bark, and as aids in digging.

But the really important teeth, from the present point of view, are the "cheek-teeth" or grinders. In the young animal there are three pre-molars and

three molars. But, as age advances, the pre-molars and the two anterior molars become gradually absorbed, leaving but the third, or last, molar. Before describing this, a word is necessary as to the manner of the disappearance of these teeth, which are, as it were, squeezed out of existence. In the adjoining photographs (Figs. 1 and 2) of the upper jaw of a wart-hog, the first molar on the left side, distinguished by its smooth, saddle-shaped surface, will be found tottering to its fall. Nothing is left but the extreme top of the crown; not only have the roots disappeared, but the socket which lodged them has vanished, leaving the top of the crown wedged between the second molar and the third pre-molar. One by one these teeth are subjected to this squeezing process, till, as I say, only the last molar is left. This has assumed a quite remarkable form, and attains, at last, a prodigious size, occupying all the space originally allotted to the now ejected teeth. In no other member of the pig family is such a tooth (Fig. 3) developed, and so far no one has been able to offer any suggestion as to the probable cause of such a remarkable change,



FIG. 3.—UNIQUE IN THE PIG FAMILY: THE THIRD OR LAST MOLAR OF A WART-HOG—THE ONLY TOOTH LEFT AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE GONE—ENORMOUSLY ENLARGED.

In the final stage only one tooth, the third or last molar, enormously increased in size, is left. It occupies all the space formerly shared by the six original teeth.

A GEM OF ATTIC SCULPTURE?—THE ACADEMY'S "MYSTERY" MARBLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 2, 3, AND 4 BY COURTESY OF SIR CHARLES WALSTON, FORMERLY READER IN CLASSICAL ARCHÆOLOGY, SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, AND DIRECTOR OF THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE.



1. BELIEVED BY SIR C. WALSTON TO BE A GREEK WORK OF THE FIFTH CENT. B.C.: THE BURLINGTON HOUSE MARBLE.



2. TO COMPARE WITH THE MARBLE (NO. 5): THE SANDAL-BINDING "VICTORY" FROM THE TEMPLE OF NIKE APTEROS ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS



3. SHOWING THE TREATMENT OF THE BACK (NOT MEANT TO BE VISIBLE) AS IN A NEREID IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE MARBLE FIGURE.



4. "THE NEAREST ANALOGY" TO THE BURLINGTON HOUSE FIGURE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION (NO. 5): A FIGURE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL NEREID MONUMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



5. CLAIMED BY SIR CHARLES WALSTON AS "A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT GREEK ART OF THE BEST PERIOD": A MARBLE DRAPED FEMALE FIGURE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The recognition of a masterpiece of ancient Greek art, of unknown origin and history, in the headquarters of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, is a matter likely to arouse considerable interest and discussion. The sculpture in question is shown in our photograph No. 5. Researches among the Academy archives, we learn, have failed to disclose when or by whom it was presented, or from whence it came. Attention has lately been drawn to it by Sir Charles Walston, the well-known archæologist, whose recent book on Alcámenes (reviewed and illustrated in our issue of December 11) created so much stir in the learned world. In the mysterious marble at Burlington House, Sir Charles "recognised

an interesting and beautiful specimen of ancient Greek art of the best period," and was authorised by the Royal Academy to publish it in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," in a paper which he arranged to read to the Hellenic Society on February 8. This marble, he considers, recalls Attic work of the later fifth century B.C. such as the sandal-binding "Victory" from the Temple of Nike Apteros at Athens. The nearest analogy, he suggests, is the Nereid monument in the British Museum, and one Nereid's back, not meant to be visible, is treated like the Burlington House marble. Sir Charles Walston tried before the war to organise an international excavation of Herculaneum, a task the Italians have now undertaken.

THE "SHAPES" OF FAMOUS MUSIC—AS SEEN BY AN ARTIST.

DRAWINGS BY MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



DRAWN WHILE LISTENING TO A GRAMOPHONE RECORD OF SULLIVAN'S "LIGHT OF THE WORLD": THE SCENE CALLED UP IN THE ARTIST'S MIND BY THE MOVEMENT "GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS."



WHAT THE ARTIST SAW AND DREW DURING A GRAMOPHONE RENDERING OF GOUNOD'S "THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY": A REMARKABLY APPROPRIATE PICTORIAL IMPRESSION.



DRAWN IN IGNORANCE OF THE MUSIC'S TITLE: THE ARTIST'S VISION DURING PADEREWSKI'S "CHANT DU VOYAGE."



AN EFFECT OF CHOPIN'S PLAINTIVE MUSIC: A DRAWING MADE DURING THE PLAYING OF HIS PRELUDE NO. 4.



THE "LANDSCAPE" OF LISZT AS EVOKED BY HIS "RHAPSODIE HONGROISE": THE ARTIST'S SIMULTANEOUS IMPRESSION.



INSPIRED BY THE MUSIC OF "THE ANGELIC DOCTOR": THE VISIONARY PICTURE SEEN AND DRAWN BY THE ARTIST WHILE LISTENING TO THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF CÉSAR FRANCK'S "SYMPHONY."



EVOKED BY THE MUSIC OF A FAMOUS RUSSIAN COMPOSER: THE VISION WHICH THE ARTIST SAW AND DREW DURING A RENDERING OF BORODIN'S "AU COUVENT."

We reproduce here (and on the opposite page) remarkable interpretative drawings of music which are discussed in the article on page 260 by the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill, daughter of Sir John Lavery. They were also mentioned, not long ago, in a letter to the "Times" by the Very Rev. Dr. John G. Vance, Professor of Philosophy at St. Edmund's College, Ware, who is the author of a thesis on the experimental psychology of recognition. "This extraordinary gift of translating from the realm of sounds into pictorial imagery," he writes, "has been practised for about twenty-six years by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, now at the Lizard, Cornwall. The lady is an artist of distinction, and whilst the music is actually

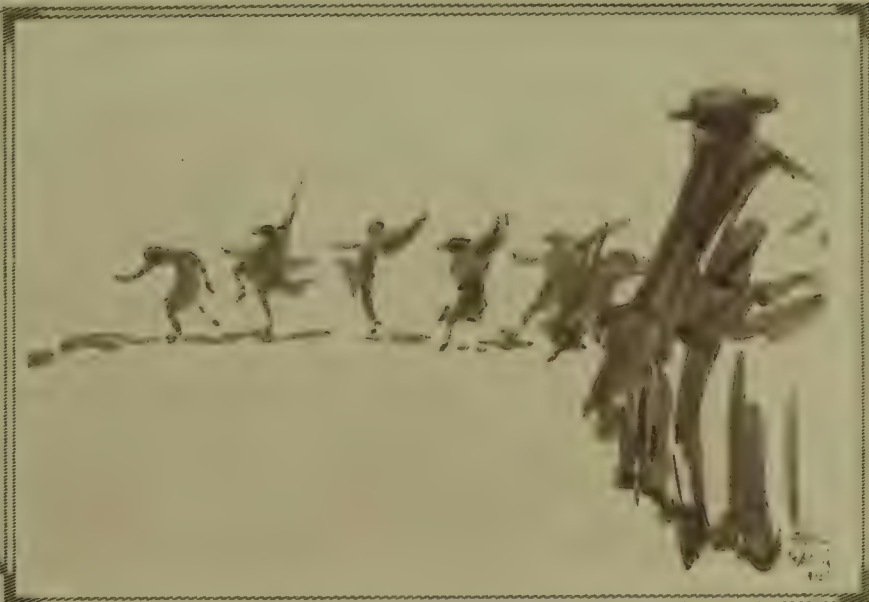
being played gives a brush drawing of what she sees. We have tested her on many occasions with new and unknown music, and have been surprised at the beauty of her drawings, and above all at the accuracy of the delineation of the music and its title. Her hand works feverishly whilst the music lasts. When it ceases, the brush falls from her hand, as she sees no more. It is to her as if the sun had suddenly been totally obscured as she watched some landscape. It seems almost as if she sees sound; so rapid is the translation, and so strangely vivid and varied the impression." Dr. Vance also referred to an exhibition of pictures suggested by music by another artist, Miss Juliet Williams.

REMARKABLE "VISIONS" OF MUSIC: "AUTOMATIC" IMPRESSIONS.

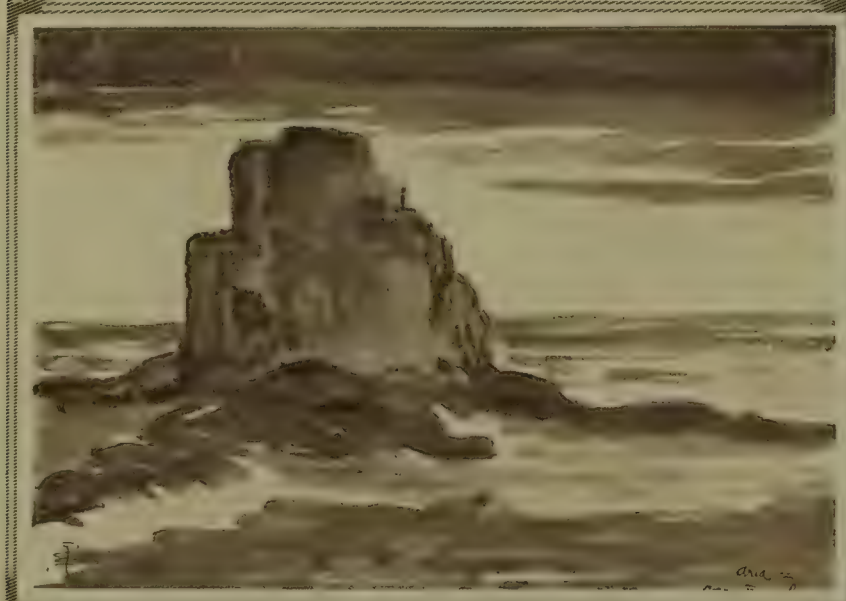
DRAWINGS BY MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



A PICTORIAL INTERPRETATION OF SCHUMANN'S KINDERSCENEN NO. 3—"CATCH ME": A DRAWING MADE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THE TITLE WHILE THE PIECE WAS BEING PLAYED.



DRAWN DURING THE PLAYING OF MODERN SPANISH MUSIC BY AN ARTIST WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF ITS TITLE OR OF THE COMPOSER: A SPANISH DANCE VISUALISED WHILE LISTENING TO ALBENIZ.



BY AN ARTIST WHO HAS BEEN INTERPRETING MUSIC PICTORIALY DURING PERFORMANCE FOR SOME TWENTY-SIX YEARS: MISS COLMAN SMITH'S VISION DURING CÉSAR FRANCK'S "ARIA."



TYPICAL OF THE PICTURES SEEN BY THE ARTIST, IN COLOUR AND THROUGH "A HOLE IN THE AIR," WHILE MUSIC IS PLAYED: A PICTORIAL INTERPRETATION OF CÉSAR FRANCK'S "PRELUDE."



ADMIRER BY THE COMPOSER AS DEVELOPING HIS OWN IDEA: ONE OF SEVERAL DRAWINGS MADE BY MISS COLMAN SMITH AT VARIOUS TIMES, BUT ALL SIMILAR, DURING THE PLAYING OF DEBUSSY'S "GRANADA."



VISUALISED BY THE ARTIST AS "A LIVING AND MOVING PICTURE IN A FRAME ABOUT AN INCH SQUARE": A SCENE DRAWN WHILE BORODIN'S "SUITE" WAS BEING PLAYED.

It is a fascinating question whether music can be interpreted in terms of pictorial art. Many musical works purport to express aspects of nature, and some even have geographical titles, while musical critics frequently talk of "colour." Whether there is any definite connection between certain sounds and certain forms is a matter for scientific investigation. Very interesting evidence of such a connection is afforded by the remarkable drawings of Miss Pamela Colman Smith, described by Lewis Hind as "sign-posts on a bye-path to the art of the future." Examples are given above and on pages 258 and 260, with an article on her work by the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill. "The music of Debussy," we read, "seems to her

more natural than that of any other composer. . . . She has done some really weird and wonderful drawings to Debussy's music—some to the composer's own playing. . . . Perhaps the most strange and inexplicable fact about these drawings is the consistency of the ideas in some pictures, and the utter inconsistency in others. To 'La Lune Descend' she did several drawings at different times (1908-9-10), and they hardly varied. It was the same with 'Granada.' Debussy was delighted with her drawings when she showed them to him, and told her that they developed his own idea in many cases." She always sees her pictures in colours, as it were through "a hole in the air about an inch square."

MUSIC MADE VISIBLE.

AN UNMUSICAL ARTIST'S LIGHTNING IMPRESSIONS RECORDED WHILE LISTENING TO MUSIC:
THE REMARKABLE DRAWINGS OF MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

By the HON. MRS. FORBES-SEMPILL. (See Illustrations on two Preceding Pages.)

"There is a certain border of the mind where all sound becomes visible."

WILLIAM JAMES.—"Varieties of Religious Experience."

FEW minds, perhaps, have reached this border, and fewer have the power of reproducing what they see beyond, still less of conveying it to others. Miss Colman Smith is probably unique, for not only does

she seems just to trace over it with her brush. At other times it is a living and moving picture that she sees before her in a frame as already described: this is the most usual way. She does not seek to analyse these impressions at the time, as this would interfere with the subconscious action; she is absolutely sincere, and sets down only what she sees, holding her imagination well in check. In fact, she says that, if she ever alters her drawing in the least detail from what she sees, the picture instantly breaks up and disappears. She feels quite detached from these drawings, and is immensely interested in them, viewing them as an outsider who has never seen them before; but she is perfectly conscious all the time she is drawing, and puts into her work all the skill of which she is master. Each is a perfectly complete picture, and, although done with the rapidity of a lightning artist, is finished in every detail; usually as the last notes of music die away, her brush is putting the finishing strokes to the picture. She nearly always begins at the lower left-hand corner of the paper, and works upwards with big, sweeping strokes, and never pauses or hesitates for an instant, unless the music does not appeal to her; then she either draws nothing at all or leaves a half-finished sketch.

The music of some composers moves her more strongly than that of others, and in such cases her drawings are more satisfactory and complete. For instance, her drawings to Bach, Beethoven, César Franck, and Debussy are usually better and more interesting than those to Chopin, Mendelssohn, or Brahms, although she has done many lovely drawings to these also. There is only one composer whose music always disturbs and affects her adversely, and that is Wagner. It sends her mad with irritation and fury, and

music; as a matter of fact, she hardly ever remembers the titles, even when she has been told them, unless she hears the same piece continually, and, even if she does sometimes remember it, she does not always do the same drawing to it. Perhaps the most strange and inexplicable fact about these drawings is the consistency of the ideas in some pictures and the utter inconsistency in others. To "La Lune descend" she did several drawings at different times (1908-1909-1910) and they hardly varied. It was the same with "Granada" and "Jardins sous la Pluie." Debussy was delighted with her drawings when she showed them to him in 1910, and told her that they developed and carried on his own idea in many cases.

When she first heard Beethoven's music she saw only an open plain, dun-colour, dried and burnt with the sun, with hills around and a river winding in the middle distance. A few months later she saw the same plain, but this time it was a greyish-green colour, and still empty. Then, suddenly, she heard the beating of drums, and, with banners flying and spears glinting, an army came rushing across the plain from afar off, then coming nearer; behind the hills were great rounded clouds tipped with rose-colour, against a deep blue sky. But I could describe hundreds of these drawings which I have seen. Each one has its own particular attraction, and they are all obviously the work of an artist, and, as such, will be appreciated, apart from a certain psychological value which cannot but appeal to those interested in this absorbing subject.

Miss Colman Smith's drawings were described by Lewis Hind in 1912 as: "Sign-posts on a by-path to the art of the future." Perhaps many may be interested in them from the artistic as well as from the psychological point of view. Many also may try to explain them, and find it difficult to arrive at any logical or satisfactory explanation; but the fact will remain that "There are more things in heaven and earth Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."



WHAT THE ARTIST SAW DURING A RENDERING OF SCHUBERT'S "MOMENT MUSICAL" (OP. 94, NO. 3): A DRAWING BY MISS PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, MADE DURING THE PERFORMANCE.

she actually see music while it is being played, but, being an exceptionally talented artist, she is able to set down instantly the strange and exquisite pictures that appear before her as she listens. She is not a musician—in fact, she knows nothing whatever about music, nor does she play upon any musical instrument—but she feels music so intensely that the sounds really take shape before her eyes. She does not think this is unusual, as she has met and talked with many people who see pictures when hearing music, but they are unable to set them down.

It was on Christmas afternoon, 1900, at the house of Dame Ellen Terry, that Miss Colman Smith did her first drawing to music. Mr. Gordon Craig was playing some Bach, when suddenly, to use her own words, "a shutter clicked back and left a hole in the air about an inch square, and through it I saw a bank and broken ground, the smooth trunks of trees with dark leaves; across from left to right came dancing and frolicking little elfin people, with the wind blowing through their hair and billowing their dresses. The picture was very vivid and clear, and of beautiful colour, with bluish mist behind the tree trunks. I drew an outline in pencil of what I saw on the edge of a newspaper, and as I finished—in perhaps a minute—the shutter clicked back again." After this, Miss Colman Smith apparently did no more drawings to music for about two years. Then she went to a series of concerts by Arnold Dolmetsch, and again saw the same type of tiny moving pictures. She also began making larger drawings at Queen's Hall concerts; but some people in the audience objected to the scratching of her pencil, so she took to using a brush. Sometimes she would do as many as twenty or thirty drawings at one concert, and at other times only two or three. She often sees these pictures in colours, and would, of course, prefer to reproduce them so; but, as the music usually lasts only a very few minutes, there is not time, and she has to content herself with using sepia, blue, or black; and afterwards, if it is something that has appealed to her very much, she does a larger and more finished picture in colour from her original sketch.

Her impressions do not always come in the same way. Sometimes the picture appears and grows in colour and form upon the paper as she draws, and

she cannot draw to it, as she sees nothing but the obvious material fact, which does not inspire her. She senses nothing behind it. It is perhaps better to describe in her own words what she feels when listening to Wagner music: "Scratchy little brown fir-trees rising through a brown fog; my scalp tingles and my hair pricks; I feel so full of rage that I want to crack the heads of people together like nuts. When it is played in a room, thick curtains of brown spiders' webs appear, sticky and evil-smelling. I have come into a room after Wagner music had been played and found that sickly, sweet, evil smell clinging to everything. I have had to leave a concert when Wagner music was being played." This is quite genuine, I know, for I have tried experiments myself with Miss Colman Smith on many occasions.

The music of Debussy seems to her more natural than that of any other composer, to have more in common with the sounds in nature—not the ordinary singing or chirruping of birds, but sounds like bells in the wind, and a curious pulsing under-rhythm, beating and throbbing—like the breathing of living things and the sap running in the trees. The composer told her once that he always heard music in the trees and upon the hills, and often composed his music out in the woods. She has done some really weird and wonderful drawings to Debussy's music—some to the composer's own playing. The first time she heard any was in 1908. To "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" she drew a faun asleep in a tangle of under-growth in a wood, with nymphs and hamadryads around him. She had no idea of the title of the



THE IMAGE EVOKED IN THE ARTIST'S MIND, AND RECORDED WHILE LISTENING TO CÉSAR FRANCK'S "ARIA": A DRAWING BY MISS COLMAN SMITH, MADE ON DECEMBER 24, 1917.

A note by the artist mentions that this drawing was much admired by Dr. John G. Vance, who recently drew attention to the psychological interest of her pictorial impressions of music. Other examples are illustrated on pages 258 and 259.

Drawings by Courtesy of the Artist. (Copyright Reserved.)

THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL FUNERAL, WITH A "SEVEN-CREAKED" HEARSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., KEYSTONE, INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, AND TOPICAL. DRAWINGS BY JAPANESE ARTISTS.



SACRED OXEN, OF IDENTICAL MARKINGS, FOR THE EMPEROR'S HEARSE AT EXERCISE: ANIMALS NEVER TO WORK AGAIN.



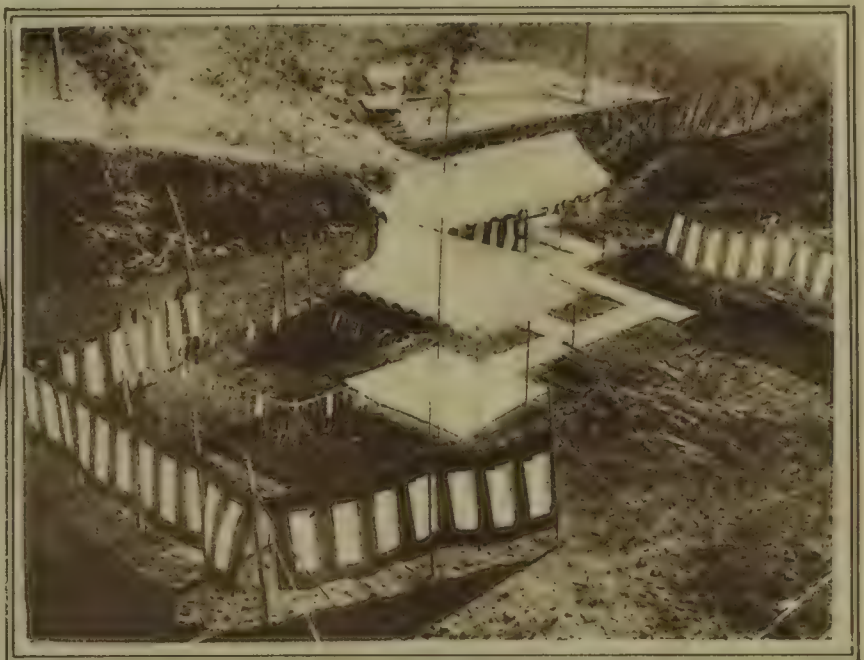
MAKING AND PAINTING THE PAPER LANTERNS USED ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE LATE EMPEROR'S FUNERAL PROCESSION IN TOKYO.



GREEN-LEAVED BRANCHES PLACED ON THE ALTAR: A SIMILAR OFFERING AT THE EMPEROR MUTSUHITO'S FUNERAL IN 1912 BY PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.



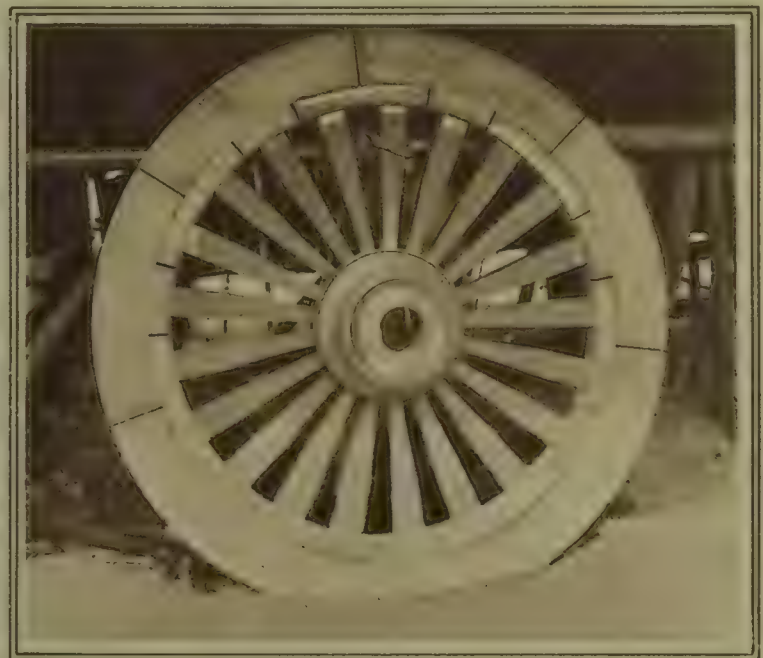
THE SACRED SWORD LAID BESIDE THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPEROR AT HIS BURIAL: A WEAPON MADE BY THE JAPANESE ARMOURER, SUYA, WHO ALSO MADE THE SWORD BURIED WITH THE LATE EMPEROR'S FATHER.



PAVILIONS AND AN ENCLOSURE CONSTRUCTED FOR THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE LATE EMPEROR'S MAUSOLEUM: PREPARATIONS IN CONNECTION WITH HIS FUNERAL.



AS IT WAS AT THE EMPEROR MUTSUHITO'S FUNERAL IN 1912 AND RECENTLY AT THAT OF THE LATE EMPEROR YOSHIHITO: THE TON-AND-A-HALF COFFIN BORNE IN A UNIQUE HEARSE WITH WHEELS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO GIVE SEVEN DIFFERENT CREAKS.



SO MADE AS TO PRODUCE "SEVEN MELANCHOLY SOUNDS": ONE OF A PAIR OF WHEELS FOR AN IMPERIAL HEARSE AS USED AT THE LATE EMPEROR'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Emperor Yoshihito of Japan began at Tokyo on February 7, with rites practically unchanged for sixteen centuries. The coffin was borne from the Palace to a Funeral Hall, some four miles away, in a hearse of unique type with wheels specially constructed to emit, in unison at each revolution, seven different creaks, known as "the seven melancholy sounds," through the friction of hub and axle—a remarkable feat of joinery. The vehicle was built, on the traditional lines, by the son of the man who built that used at the funeral of the famous Emperor Meiji. Six oxen of identical colour were selected, two to draw

the hearse, and the others to march in reserve. After the funeral, the oxen were led away to pasture, never to be required to work again. The route was lined with lanterns, and thousands of torches were carried. The last tributes to the dead were paid at a great altar, on which members of the Imperial family and others laid branches of the evergreen *sasaki*. At midnight the coffin was taken by train to Asakawa, some thirty miles from Tokyo, and there laid to rest next morning in a mausoleum. The two drawings above, and the photograph of the wheel, illustrate similar incidents at the funeral of the Emperor Mutsuhito in 1912.

NOTABLE EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., P. AND A., CENTRAL PRESS, AND TOPICAL.



THE "MAURETANIA" RE-CONDITIONED: THE FAMOUS CUNARDER, THAT RETAINS THE "BLUE RIBBON" OF THE ATLANTIC FOR SPEED, ONCE MORE IN SERVICE AFTER A COMPLETE OVERHAUL.



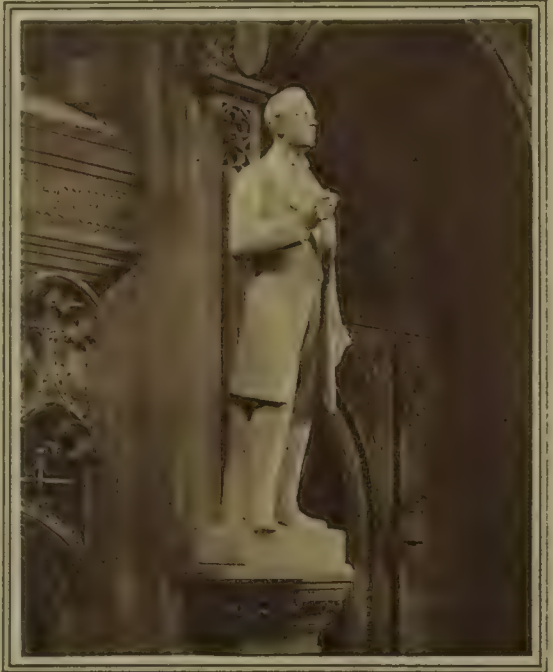
A FRIENDLY "INVASION" OF CANADA BY TWELVE UNITED STATES ARMY AEROPLANES: THE MACHINES ON THE FROZEN OTTAWA RIVER, SHOWING THE CITY OF HULL, IN QUEBEC, ON THE FURTHER BANK.



JAMES STUART HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE: THE NEW HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL CLASS MOVEMENT.



A "RECORD" FOR THE AMERICAN AUCTION-ROOM: REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS SON TITUS, BOUGHT BY SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN IN NEW YORK FOR £55,670.



A NEW MEMORIAL TO MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: THE STATUE RECENTLY UNVEILED BY LORD BALFOUR IN THE MEMBERS' LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



IN THE NEW UNIFORM ADOPTED FOR THE SPANISH ARMY: THREE SPANISH SOLDIERS, WITH CAPS OF A TAM-O'-SHANTER TYPE, SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING THOSE OF THE FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS.



SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" PLAYERS COVERED WITH WELSH MUD: SOME OF THE SCOTLAND TEAM AT HALF-TIME DURING THE MATCH IN WHICH THEY DEFEATED WALES AT CARDIFF.

The Cunard liner "Mauretania" arrived at Southampton, after a two months' overhaul at Liverpool, on February 6, ready to sail for New York on the 9th. She will then cruise for a time in the Mediterranean. She has been thoroughly reconditioned and redecored, and improvements have been made in passenger accommodation. Since her Atlantic speed "records" in 1910, she has remained the fastest liner afloat.—Twelve biplanes of the United States Army recently made a 400-mile flight from Selfridge Field, Detroit, to Hull, Quebec, where they alighted on the frozen river Ottawa.—The statue of Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, which the Earl of Balfour arranged to unveil after the State Opening of Parliament on February 8, is the work of Mr. John Tweed.—James

Stuart House, recently opened at Cambridge, is named after James Stuart, Fellow of Trinity and Professor of Mechanics, who was the inaugurator of extra-mural work in the Universities.—Rembrandt's portrait of his son Titus was recently bought by Sir Joseph Duveen at the Chauncey Stillman sale, in the American Art Galleries, New York. His bid of 270,000 dollars (£55,670) is the highest price ever paid for a painting at an American auction. Sir Joseph bought the same picture many years ago from the Duke of Rutland's collection, and sold it for £21,649. It is signed and dated 1660.—Scotland beat Wales in the international "Rugger" match at Cardiff on February 5, by one goal (5 points) to nil. Heavy rain after snow had made the ground a sea of mud.

THE KING GOES TO OPEN PARLIAMENT: A STATELY PROCESSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE ARRIVAL AT WESTMINSTER: THE OLD STATE COACH, CONTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE ESCORT OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, APPROACHING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, AND THE GUARDS DIPPING THE COLOURS AS IT PASSED.



THE DEPARTURE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE STATE COACH, DRAWN BY EIGHT BAY HORSES WITH POSTILLIONS, LEAVING THE GATES—
A PICTURESQUE VIEW FROM THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL, SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND ONE OF ITS GROUPS OF STATUARY.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, opened Parliament in State on the morning of Tuesday, February 8. Their Majesties drove from Buckingham Palace in the old State Coach, drawn by eight bay horses ridden by postillions, and guarded by mounted equerries, yeomen of the Royal Bodyguard of Yeomen

of the Guard, and a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry. The processional route was down the Mall, through the Horse Guards Arch into Whitehall, past the Cenotaph, and across Parliament Square to the Victoria Tower entrance of the House of Lords, where the King and Queen alighted.

THE "MAGNET" DRAWING ALL THE WORLD TO EGYPT: THE PILGRIMAGE TO TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB FROM LUXOR.

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



SETTING OUT FOR TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB ACROSS THE NILE: A MORNING SCENE AT LUXOR, WHERE THE MOTOR-CAR HAS NOT YET ELIMINATED THE EGYPTIAN ASS.

The tourist season in Egypt is now at its height, and the Tomb of Tutankhamen continues to act as a magnet drawing all the world to Luxor, the centre from which it may be visited. Our readers will, of course, remember how fully we have illustrated in the past the treasures of the Tomb, as revealed by the successive discoveries of Mr. Howard Carter. The latest examples were some of the wonderful objects found in the recently opened Store Chamber, shown in our issue of January 22, and soon we shall be publishing further remarkable illustrations of the newly discovered treasures. In a note on his drawing, Mr. Reginald Cleaver writes: "The Tombs of the Kings and the greater part of the temples and monuments of Upper Egypt that are within the Luxor area are across the Nile, and also far enough from the river bank and sufficiently distributed to take up most of a day, and to require

transport. Besides the ferrying over of tourists, therefore, donkeys, sand-carts, and light carriages are wanted. Although a certain supply is kept permanently on the opposite bank, in mid-season more are necessary to meet the demand, and must, with the tourists, do the double journey daily. Tourists cross in light craft, and the transport goes in 'dahabeahs,' the barges of the Nile. For the sake of the picturesque, we may be thankful that things move slowly thereabouts. There are comparatively few 'improvements.' The motor-car has not yet eliminated that excellent beast, the Egyptian ass; nor has petrol supplanted sails. One still goes by donkey-back to the Karnak temples, reached by road from Luxor direct. Vehicles and merchandise are still man-handled on the steep river bank to and from the 'dahabeahs'; and, in the main, the unique customs of the people are still unspoiled by innovation."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., ACME, SPORT AND GENERAL, UNDERWOOD, C.N., PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



UNITED STATES SAILORS LANDED IN NICARAGUA TO PROTECT AMERICAN LIVES AND INTERESTS: MEN FROM THE U.S.S. "ROCHESTER" ASHORE AT BLUE FIELDS, ON THE EAST COAST.



AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS IN THE NICARAGUAN CIVIL WAR: CONSERVATIVE SOLDIERS BEING EXCHANGED FOR LIBERALS AT BLUE FIELDS—MAN FOR MAN AND FIVE FOR A GENERAL.



A SALMON TRYING TO LEAP A DAM ON THE WILLAMETTE RIVER, OREGON: PERSISTENT EFFORTS OF A FISH TO SEEK SPAWNING GROUNDS.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH HER NURSE, LEAVING 17, BRUTON STREET FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.



THE SON OF KING FEISAL OF IRAQ AT HARROW: THE EMIR GHAZI WEARING THE SPECIAL TYPE OF STRAW HAT USED AT THE SCHOOL.

THE MARRIAGE.

If no impediment be alleged, then shall the Priest say unto the man.

N. WILT thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together according to God's law in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health? and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer, I will.

Then shall the Priest say unto the woman,

N. WILT thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together according to God's law in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love him, comfort him, honour and keep him, in sickness and in health? and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?



THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY (RIGHT) AND YORK IN PROCESSION AT THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

THE OMISSION OF THE WORD "OBEY" FROM THE MARRIAGE SERVICE: AN EXTRACT OF THE PASSAGE IN QUESTION, FROM THE RECENTLY ISSUED DRAFT OF THE REVISED PRAYER BOOK.

The civil war in Nicaragua is a struggle between the Liberals (led by Dr. Juan Sacasa, and supported by President Calles of Mexico) and General Diaz, the Conservative President of Nicaragua. He is recognised by the United States, whose policy is to protect American commercial interests in Nicaragua. American sailors and marines were landed last month at Managua, the capital, on the Pacific coast, and at Las Perlas, on the east or Caribbean coast. Blue Fields (or Blewfields) where our photographs were taken, is also on the east coast. An effective blockade by the United States is said to be the chief hope of the Nicaraguan Conservatives. On February 7 the Liberals were reported to have captured the

city of Chinandega.—A note on the leaping salmon says: "It is returning from a four years' stay in the sea, trying to surmount the dam to find spawning grounds. It will persist in its effort or die of exhaustion, but will never turn back."—Princess Elizabeth, the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York (now on the way to Australia) was recently taken from their London home at 17, Bruton Street to Buckingham Palace.—The Emir Ghazi, son of King Feisal of Iraq, is now at Harrow School.—The Bishops' Provisional Draft for the revised Prayer Book was issued to the Convocations of Canterbury and York at a special session held in the Church House, Westminster, on February 7.

A PLAGUE OF FORTY MILLION MICE! A CALIFORNIAN DISTRICT INVADED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. AND TOPICAL.



A "FORTRESS" AGAINST THE VORACIOUS ARMY OF FORTY MILLION MICE MAKING A MYSTERIOUS MIGRATION IN CALIFORNIA: A "MOUSE-PROOF" GRAIN SHED, MADE OF CORRUGATED IRON AND WIRE-SCREEN.



ONE WAY OF FIGHTING THE EVER-ADVANCING PLAGUE: VOLUNTEER WORKERS KILLING MICE BY BEATING; AND PLACING THE BODIES IN A TRENCH.



ONE OF THE TRENCHES FILLED WITH POISONED GRAIN CALCULATED TO KILL THE ADVANCING HORDE: WHERE THOUSANDS OF MICE DIED AND TENS OF THOUSANDS CAME TO TAKE THEIR PLACE.



THE WAR AGAINST THE FORTY MILLION: ONE OF THE POISONED-GRAIN TRENCHES, WITH MANY MICE DEAD IN IT AND AWAITING BURIAL IN IT.



WITH SOME OF THE ENEMY: A VOLUNTEER WORKER ABOUT TO BURY THE BODIES OF A NUMBER OF THE ALL-DEVOURING MICE.

Cabling from New York on January 28, the "Times" correspondent stated: "In Kern County, California, there is a depression 30,000 acres in extent. Once there was a lake there, but now the whole area is covered with wheat stubble, grass, and mice—particularly mice. There are mice by the million—white-footed field mice, sophisticated house mice, Californian meadow mice half as large as rats and twice as voracious—forty million altogether. Late in November these creatures began a mysterious migration, covering the fields with a moving carpet, spreading

over the roads regardless of Juggernaut motor-cars, and invading lonely ranch houses. As they moved, they ate—first wheat-stalks and corn in bins, then household stores, harness, rubber tyres, gunny-sacks—finally, anything. Farmers dug trenches and filled them with poisoned grain, and thousands of mice died, but tens of thousands still came on. . . . As a last hope, the suffering farmers have called upon the Federal Department of Agriculture for help." Prospects of a "cure" are reported to be good.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," RUSSELL, SWAINE, TOPICAL, L.N.A., E. AND F., AND VANDYK.



AT NEW DELHI: THE MAHARAJAH OF DHOLPUR; THE MAHARAJAH OF BHARATPUR (R)



THE OPENING OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE AT NEW DELHI: THE VICEROY AND LADY IRWIN RECEIVING OFFICIALS—ON THE RIGHT, SIR BHUPENDRA NATH MITRA.



AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE AT NEW DELHI: THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA AND HIS SON.



TO RETIRE: SIR SIDNEY HARMER, OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



THE INVENTOR OF THE FAMOUS TRENCH MORTAR: SIR WILFRID STOKES, K.B.E.



HEAD OF THE CHINESE SOUTHERN ARMY: GENERAL CHANG KAI-SHEK



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND: LT.-GEN. SIR THOMAS GOODWIN, K.C.B., F.R.C.S.



A WELL-KNOWN CAMBRIDGE ZOOLOGIST: THE LATE MR. J. J. LISTER.



14TH HOLDER OF THE TITLE: THE LATE EARL OF DEVON, ONCE A BOARD OF AGRICULTURE INSPECTOR.



A RECRUIT FOR LABOUR: CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P. (LIB.) FOR LEITH SINCE 1918.



THE WALES VERSUS SCOTLAND RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT CARDIFF: THE WELSH FIFTEEN, WHO LOST—B. O. MALE, J. D. BARTLETT, B. R. TURNBULL, JOHN ROBERTS, W. ROWE HARDING, GWYN RICHARDS, W. J. DELAHAY, W. THOMAS, J. H. JOHN, H. PHILLIPS, W. WILLIAMS, T. LEWIS, IVOR JONES, T. ARTHUR, AND E. JENKINS.



THE WALES v. SCOTLAND RUGBY MATCH AT CARDIFF: THE SCOTLAND TEAM, WHO WON—(BACK: L.-R.) D. S. KERR, J. C. H. IRELAND, J. GRAHAM, A. C. GILLIES, J. W. SCOTT, W. M. SIMMERS. (2ND ROW) J. C. DYKES, D. DRYSDALE, G. P. S. MACPHERSON, J. M. BANNERMAN, D. S. DAVIES, H. WADDELL. (3RD ROW) E. G. TAYLOR, J. B. NELSON, AND J. R. PATERSON.

Sir Sidney Harmer, who is to retire on March 9, under the age limit, became Director of the Natural History Museum in 1919. He went to the Museum in 1909, as Keeper of Zoology.—Sir Wilfrid Stokes, who died on February 7, at the age of sixty-six, was well known as an inventor, and especially as the inventor of the Stokes gun, a trench mortar used in the Great War.—The fourteenth Earl of Devon, who died on February 4 at the age of fifty-six, was an inspector under the Board of Agriculture before he succeeded his grandfather, who was Rector of Powderham. He is succeeded by his brother, the present

Rector of Powderham.—Sir Thomas Herbert John Chapman Goodwin, the new Governor of Queensland, is a member of the Royal Army Medical Corps. He went on retired pay in 1923, and devoted himself to cancer research. In the Great War he was at Mons, and in various other big engagements.—Mr. Joseph Jackson Lister's study of the Foraminifera gained him his F.R.S.—At a meeting of the executive of the Leith Liberal Association on February 5 it was announced that Captain William Wedgwood Benn had decided to throw in his lot with the Labour Party, and that he would resign his seat as Member for Leith.

INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL INAUGURATED: A GREAT CEREMONY AT DELHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND THE "TIMES."



AFTER THE INAUGURATION BY LORD IRWIN OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE AT THE NEW DELHI: THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE BUILDING—THE VICEROY'S CARRIAGE (RIGHT BACKGROUND) PRECEDED AND FOLLOWED BY HIS BODYGUARD AND ESCORTED BY TROOPS.



LORD AND LADY IRWIN IN THE VICEREGAL CARRIAGE WITH AN ATTENDANT HOLDING OVER THEM THE ROYAL GOLDEN UMBRELLA: THE ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT THE SCENE OF THE CEREMONY—SHOWING THE PAVILION IN THE BACKGROUND.

The new capital of India was inaugurated with stately ceremonial on January 18, when the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, accompanied by Lady Irwin, opened the new Council House at Delhi, and read a message from the King-Emperor expressing sympathy with Indian aspirations. The Viceroy and Lady Irwin drove to the scene in a State procession, with a large escort of British and Indian troops. The Viceregal carriage, preceded and followed by the Viceroy's Bodyguard, was drawn by six horses with postillions and outriders, and the royal golden

umbrella was borne over their Excellencies by a scarlet-clad attendant. At the ceremonial pavilion the Viceroy was received by Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra, who presented Sir Edwin Lutyens, the principal architect of new Delhi, Sir Herbert Baker, architect of the Council House, and Mr. Rouse, the chief engineer. After the speeches, the Viceroy and Lady Irwin went in procession to the door of the Council House, which Lord Irwin opened with a golden key handed to him by Sir Herbert Baker, who guided them through the building.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Greek Types.

The exhibition of Greek type now being held in the King's Library at the British Museum is one of a number of interesting shows whose organisation has served to make us realise some of the treasures that are ours as a nation. The exhibits, I see, begin with a fine specimen of Mainz printing of 1465, and the examples shown are arranged chronologically. Such exhibitions ought to find a public other than that drawn merely from the usual crowd of visitors who go to the Museum because it is "on their list," but are obviously relieved when they can escape to the bright streets and find themselves west of Tottenham Court Road once more. The extraordinary interest and appeal of an exhibition of printing can be realised by anybody who is familiar with the treasures of the Rylands Library at Manchester, or has visited the famous Plantin Museum at Antwerp. And, apropos of libraries, we may notice that the Oxford Press have published the "Letters of Sir Thomas Bodley to Thomas James." Sir Thomas was, of course, the begetter of the famous library; and the letters that show us how he contrived and built up that noble monument to his own genius for books ought not to be neglected.

Morley's "Life of

Gladstone"

has been a good deal quoted in court of late. I wonder whether the book is still being read as much as it deserves. It is a mere truism to say that there is still inspiration in its pages. But this record of an immense achievement ought to be the special consolation of the man in middle life who is not quite satisfied with his own progress. It is that admirable person, the commenting Bagshot, who, having reached fifty, remarks that whenever he feels discouragement, he reminds himself that at that age Mr. Gladstone had not yet got into his second volume.

Bagshot's author is an excellent person to turn to at this period of the year.

"The first week of the session is the opportunity of the political hostess," he tells us in a "Modern Journal"; while in the same book he suggests of many M.P.s "that if they were Speaker they would make a rough rule, in choosing between men who want to speak on the Address, to give the priority to those who have not spoken before on other amendments."

This is a week in which we study Parliamentary forms. It is worth recalling that until the eighteenth century the House met at nine each morning, with the common-sense notion of depending as little as necessary on artificial light. An easy way to prevent business was to oppose the motion that "candles be now brought."

The Report Stage.

Only in the Parliament House built

after the fire in 1834 was accommodation provided for the Press. But, as any reader of the literature of the period knows, reports of a kind were available to the magazine reader. What were known as "Cobbett's Debates" were taken over, in 1808, by a Mr. T. C. Hansard, whose name from that day stood for a full and accurate account of the proceedings of Parliament. Not that that laborious compilation has always been appreciated by everybody whose name has appeared therein. Gladstone once said that he had made a rule never to allow a volume of Hansard to enter his library at Hawarden; while Lord Balfour, in House of Commons

days, referred to "the impenetrable bog of Hansard."

"Hansard," said Disraeli, "instead of being the Delphi of Downing Street, is but the Dunciad of politics." It was not a Hansard reporter who, unaware that a poem of Tennyson's was being quoted by a speaker, reported the orator in this way: "The right honourable

not now, as it once did, deal in detail, item by item, with the various observations of the Gracious Speech from the Throne. Nor is it now customary, on the conclusion of the debate on the Address, to present this Reply to the Sovereign by agency of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker accompanied by any Members who choose to accompany these dignitaries. The task is performed to-day, more or less informally, by whoever happens to be Minister in Attendance.

Obedience to Woman.

If the "obey" is really removed from the Marriage Service of the Revised Prayer Book, the change will, I suppose, be considered another victory for the feminist movement. I have been looking at the text of the 1549, or first, Book of Common Prayer. The original form of the clause, the thought of which in recent years has occasioned so much disturbance in the minds of young women, is almost precisely that of the paragraph in later Books. There are, however, one or two curious differences. Here is the 1549 clause: "I N take thee N to" (not "be") "my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, to cherish, and to obey till death us depart." "Depart" became, of course, "do" part, though not until the 1661 revision. In the Elizabethan revision it is still "depart." But there we have the "obey" in its original form. This is no place for doctrinal questions, but anyone touching on the matter of these noble forms, so long employed, may be allowed to express the hope that we shall never see the substitution once urged of "I give thee my word" for "I plight thee my troth." The simplest mind perfectly understands that fine and ancient phrase, and to alter it in the avowed interests of modern English is gratuitously to tamper with the literary quality of a great masterpiece.

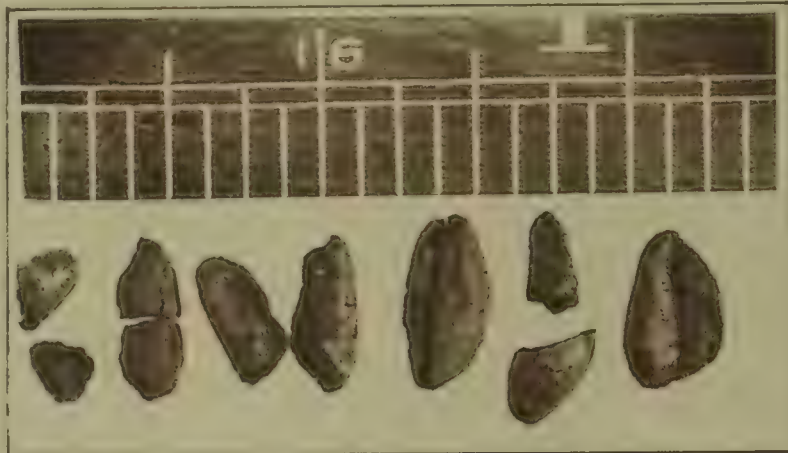
On a Tuesday.

Of a gentleman who appeared in court the other day it was alleged that he had run away with a motor-car "every Tuesday for the last month." Tuesday is not a day which has ever before had the significance of certain other days of the week. Monday is "black," being for most people the day of return to more or less hard work. Wednesday, at the beneficent direction of Mr. Churchill, came to mean a half-holiday for the tradesman; while for millions the last day of the week means football in the precise proportion of 50,000 spectators to every 22 players. Or perhaps we choose to remember that lofty eulogium of the virtues of this last day which announced itself in the inquiry: "What's the matter with Saturday, atterday, Saturday afternoon?" But Tuesday is now to have its chance. Not that it was never important to a single life. I am reminded of the brief biography which is inscribed on a tombstone in the churchyard at Whitchurch, Salop—

On a Tuesday she was born,
On a Tuesday made a bride,
On a Tuesday broke her leg,
On a Tuesday died.



The Bishop of Exeter was attacked by the mob and dragged from the north door of old St. Paul's to Cheapside, where he was proclaimed a traitor and beheaded. 1327.



NEW EVIDENCE THAT MESOPOTAMIA WAS THE ORIGINAL HOME OF BREAD-MAKING WHEAT, AND THAT SUMERIAN AGRICULTURE WAS FAR IN ADVANCE OF THE PRE-DYNASTIC EGYPTIAN: GRAINS OF 5400-YEAR-OLD WHEAT DISCOVERED NEAR KISH, OF A FINER SPECIES THAN THAT OF ANCIENT EGYPT (HERE ENLARGED AND SHOWN AGAINST A RULE).

Professor Langdon announced recently (in the "Times") a discovery of extraordinary interest made by him at Jemdet Nasr, seventeen miles from Kish. "In a Sumerian house," he writes, "I found, stored in a fine red and black jar, a quantity of charred wheat, which is, I believe, the only cereal ever recovered from the early remains of Mesopotamian civilisation. It proves that wheat . . . can be dated at about 3500 B.C. . . . The seeds are small, dark red, with blunt ends. . . . A good many samples have been found in Egypt from the same period, but these are all, I am told, spelt wheats, and a less developed product. . . . The discovery confirms the theory that Mesopotamia is the original home of the bread-making wheats." Most of the botanists who have examined the Jemdet Nasr wheat say it is *tritium compactum*, or "club" wheat, the finest species. Professor Langdon points out that, if this be true, the Sumerians "were far in advance of the agriculturists of pre-dynastic Egypt." Illustrations of ancient Egyptian wheat-growing appear opposite.

gentleman concluded by declaring that, in his view at least, kind hearts were of considerably more consequence than coronets, while simple faith was eminently to be preferred to Norman blood."

The debate on the Address, now in progress, does



FOUND CONTAINING WHEAT OVER 5000 YEARS OLD: A SUMERIAN PAINTED JAR OF ABOUT 3500 B.C., DISCOVERED BY PROFESSOR LANGDON IN MESOPOTAMIA, AND NOW IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD.

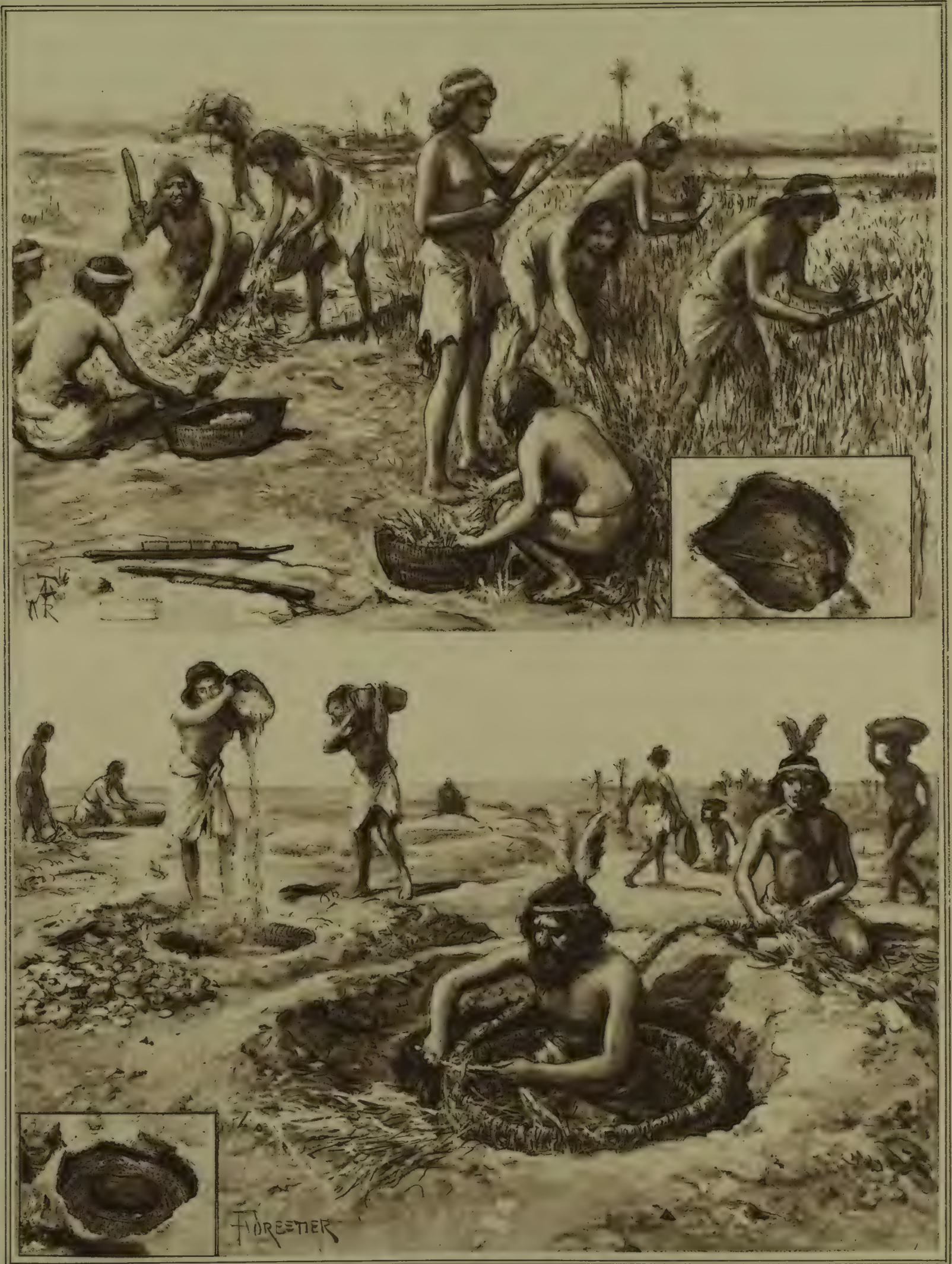
Photographs by Courtesy of Dr. Stephen Langdon, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, and Director of the Herbert Weld (for Oxford) and Field Museum (Chicago) Expedition to Mesopotamia. (Compare Egyptian Illustrations opposite.)



THE RECEPTACLE OF THE ONLY CEREAL BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN RECOVERED FROM THE EARLY REMAINS OF MESOPOTAMIAN CIVILISATION: THE SPOUT SIDE OF THE JAR FOUND AT JEMDET NASR, NEAR KISH.

CORN IN EGYPT BEFORE THE PHARAOHS: PRE-DYNASTIC HUSBANDRY.

RECONSTRUCTION DRAWINGS BY A. FORESTIER.



EGYPTIAN PARALLELS TO THE DISCOVERY OF SUMERIAN WHEAT (OPPOSITE PAGE): SCENES EVOKED BY PRE-DYNASTIC FAYUM GRANARIES—HARVEST AND STORAGE; (INSET) A SICKLE AND A BASKET IN SITU.

Our artist's drawings, which represent primitive agriculture in Egypt, are based on interesting discoveries made in the Fayum by the British School of Archaeology. Some of the results were exhibited at University College, Gower Street, and the two inset photographs show typical objects, found—a sickle and a basket, both well preserved. The upper drawing represents a harvest field, the workers chiefly women and girls. In reaping, the corn was cut close to the ears, and the stalks were used for straw coils. The sickles were made of a piece of palm-leaf stem having several finely chipped flint blades inserted into a groove and fixed with bitumen. The ears of corn were gathered into finely wrought oval baskets. Threshing was done

by beating the corn with heavy sticks. It was then collected and carried in baskets to the granaries on higher ground, where, as shown in the lower drawing, it was stored in basket receptacles, some 3 ft. in diameter, sunk about 2 ft. into the ground. The bottom of the basket was first put in the hole, and then a man would kneel on it and fasten a coil of straw in a spiral till it reached the top. The space around was tightly packed with sandy soil, and, after the grain had been poured in, the "granary" was covered with a low mound of mud. The discovery of a piece of finely woven white cotton stuff showed a knowledge of weaving superior to the fabrics of the Swiss lake-dwellers.—[Drawings Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

An Artists' Artist.

Miss Ethel Walker, who is exhibiting her work at the Redfern Gallery this month, has won a wider appreciation on the Continent than in her own country, but if the general public does not

recognise her value, she has long ago had the most generous praise of artists. Professor Brown, of the Slade School, considers her the finest sea-painter of the day, and critics have said that never since Turner's day has anyone been more successful in painting the sea with all its light, movement, and elusive beauty. People are more familiar with her portraits, which are distinguished by their beautiful colour schemes, and with her very large decorative work than with her seascapes. The Tate Gallery has only one of her pictures, the beautiful "Nausicaa."



A DISTINGUISHED WOMAN ARTIST:
MISS ETHEL WALKER.
Photograph by Photopress.

Miss Walker has a studio in Chelsea with a delightful view of the river, but she spends several months every year at her cottage on the Yorkshire coast, studying the sea in its changing moods, and perfectly happy in the companionship of her two dogs and the seagulls. She has very decided views about the fashions of the present day. She does not like them, and she wishes women would let their hair grow long again; but she does not think they ever will, though long, beautiful hair would add so much, she thinks, to their dignity and charm.

Lady Lovat's Appeal.

Until Mrs. Cecil Chesterton published her book, "In Darkest London," very few unofficial people knew that an enormous number of homeless women and girls had to trudge about the streets every night because there was no place for them to sleep. The revelation has come as a shock, and people feel ashamed that London has not provided lodging-houses for women as well as for men. Lady Lovat, when she read the book, at once said she must do something about it, and sought Mrs. Chesterton out with offers of help. Together they seem

likely to make a great success of the new scheme for setting up a chain of public lodging-houses where homeless women can find a night's lodging, a good bed, a hot bath, and a cup of tea before setting out in the morning—all for a shilling a night. The first of the Cecil Houses will be opened this month; the premises for a second have been secured; and a great meeting at the Mansion House last week promised more than two thousand pounds towards the cost of a third. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, who is a friend of Lady Lovat's, was one of the speakers, and made a very effective appeal. But it was Lady Lovat, Chairman of the Fund, who scooped in the



A SPEAKER IN AID OF THE
CECIL HOUSES FUND: LADY
VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER.
Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

Carter, who is a friend of Lady Lovat's, was one of the speakers, and made a very effective appeal. But it was Lady Lovat, Chairman of the Fund, who scooped in the

promises. She asked explicitly for promises of a hundred pounds, and as she exhausted the number of wealthier donors, she gradually decreased her demands. She was so persuasive and irresistible that she got £1700 in a very few minutes. There is no saying where these ladies will stop, but they are already talking of the needs of homeless women in other towns. Mrs. Gertrude Kingston, the actress, has promised to raise funds for another Cecil House in memory of her sister.

A Women's Champion.

If Miss Rose Squire writes as well and as entertainingly as she talks, the book she has just published about her thirty years' service as a woman factory inspector should be extraordinarily interesting, for she had a great many queer adventures and many notable and triumphant contests in the law courts, and she has helped to bring about a great reformation in the conditions of industrial women. She has the satisfaction, too, of knowing that her championship of women who were working in miserable and unjust conditions has benefited the employers as well, and has helped to raise the standard of various industries.

This was an early discovery. Before she went to the Home Office, she was appointed to investigate conditions in the laundries, which were at that time very unsatisfactory. She had a great fight, but the laundries were brought under the Factories Act, in spite of the lamentations of the employers, who declared that these new rules and regulations would ruin the industry. Instead of that, the laundry workers are much happier and more efficient, and the trade has gone up by leaps and bounds, till now it is on a level



A BRIDE WHO DEFIED SUPERSTITION AND CHOSE GREEN FOR HER DRESS AND THAT OF HER BRIDESMAIDS: MRS. NORMAN HALL (FORMERLY MISS VIOLA BANKES) AND HER HUSBAND.

Miss Viola Bankes is the daughter of Mr. Ralph Bankes, of Kingston Lacy and Corfe Castle, Dorset, and of Mrs. Bankes, of 61, Brooke Street, and belongs to one of the oldest untitled families in England. They used originally to live at Corfe Castle, which was destroyed by the Roundheads during the Civil War. Dr. Norman Hall is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, of Adelaide, South Australia.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

with other good trades. Much of Miss Squire's work was done under great difficulties, taxing all her patience, courage, and resource, but she got a good deal of amusement out of it.

When Miss Squire retired from the Home Office last year she was entertained at a dinner by a distinguished gathering of women, including many of her colleagues. There was a delightful surprise during the evening, when Lady Amptill, as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, read a letter from Queen Mary congratulating Miss Squire on her distinguished official career, and associating herself with the good wishes that were being offered to her. This was a rare honour, deeply appreciated.

Her Flying Visits.

Commandant Mary Allen, the head of the Women's Auxiliary Service, never crosses the Channel by sea if she has a chance to fly. When she had to pay her periodical official visits to Cologne, when the women police she had trained were at work there with the British Army of Occupation, she always went, if

possible, by aeroplane; and when she found that steamers and trains would not fit in with the timetable for her two-days' trip to Amsterdam last week, she said with appropriate airiness that it did not matter, because she meant to fly. She is a member of the London Light Plane Flying Club; so presently it is



A MEMBER OF THE LONDON
LIGHT 'PLANE FLYING CLUB:
COMMANDANT MARY ALLEN.
Photograph by Bassano.

they saw an ordinary policewoman pop out of a Moth.

Honour to a Bride.

The Freemasons are as rigid as a majority of the Peers in the House of Lords in their determination not to admit women to their conclaves. But they are not in such a state of panic, and they can act gracefully, as was proved at Glasgow last week, when the Hon. Olive Campbell, Lord Blythswood's only daughter, was the guest of honour at the Ladies' Night festival held by one of the lodges. Lord Blythswood was there with Lady Blythswood and the Hon. Laurence Methuen, whose marriage with Miss Campbell takes place in Renfrewshire on the 23rd of this month.

From the South Seas.

Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, the woman who loves the South Sea Islands and has made them the setting for so many brilliant novels, has had many adventures in her time, but she has surely never shown more courage than when she left her sunny home in New Guinea and came to England for this rigorous winter. She arrived in October, and at the end of this month she is going back to the Pacific.

She has lived there for seventeen or eighteen years. She has a special affection for New Guinea and its people, but she has an intimate knowledge of many scattered island groups and solitary islands, each of them distinctive.

She knows many of the white women who live with their husbands in remote places among dangerous natives, and she has a great admiration for their self-sacrifice and courage. The stories she writes are not more fascinating than the stories she tells her friends about people in real life, queer places she has visited, or the adventures of the traders who sail among the islands. In her books she has an admirable way of describing scenes in a few vivid words, and this knack of sketching a scene and creating an atmosphere was appreciated by the people who listened to her broadcast talk last week about the Fly River and its natives.



A WRITER OF NOVELS OF THE
SOUTH SEAS: MISS BEATRICE
GRIMSHAW.
Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

South Africa

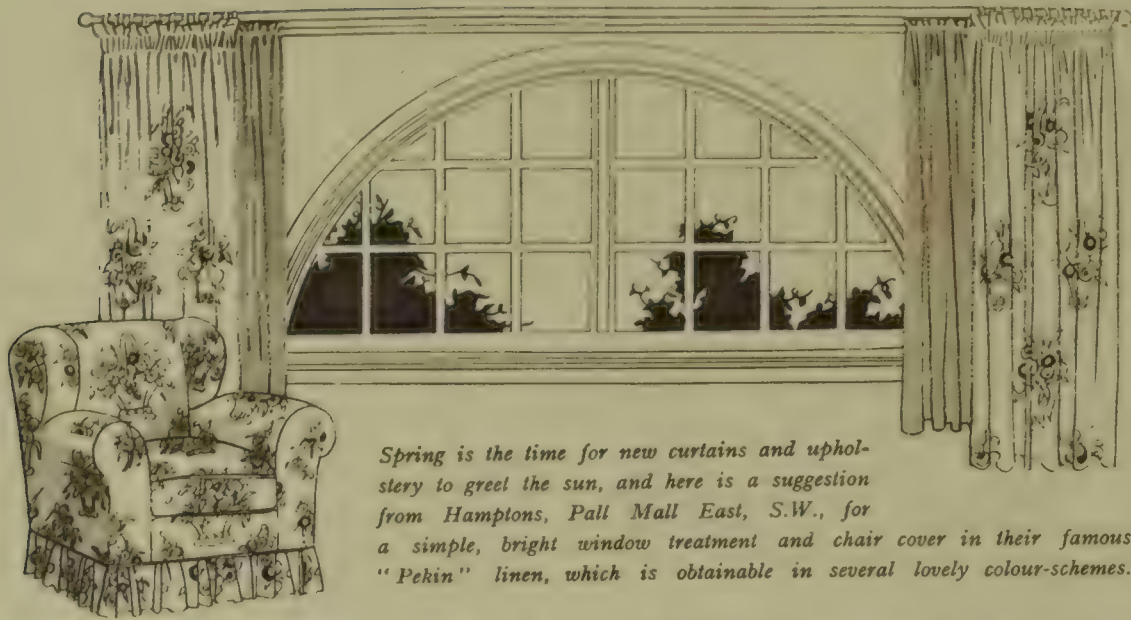
SUNSHINE TOURS.



THE services of the London Travel Bureau of the Union Government are at the disposal of persons who intend visiting South Africa. Tours are arranged by officials with an intimate knowledge of South Africa, and enquiries should be addressed to the Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Write for Tours Book (A.Y.) or Telephone Regent 6760, Extension 120.





Spring is the time for new curtains and upholstery to greet the sun, and here is a suggestion from Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W., for a simple, bright window treatment and chair cover in their famous "Pekin" linen, which is obtainable in several lovely colour-schemes.

Where to Wear Your New Frocks.

Evening frocks nowadays are so closely bound up with dancing that it is useless to consider them apart. One chooses a dress, picturing in imagination how it will look swaying to intricate steps of the Charleston; and equally important is the choice of the place it may honour. It is always easy to buy a different frock and vary the cloak, but to find a new setting is not always so simple. Now, however, there is Hector's, the recently opened dance club in Tottenham Court Road, which, one hears, is already enjoying a well-merited success. There, at a most reasonable subscription, are combined all the advantages of a well-planned dance club. In addition to a good band and a perfect floor, there are a really excellent cuisine and an entertaining *petit cabaret*, of which the foremost performers are Mario de Pietro, a true artist of the mandoline; George and Madea, whose graceful dancing includes startling acrobatic feats; Joan Revel, and Toto Maxter—not to speak of an animated, well-trained chorus. Everyone who prefers the more *intime* atmosphere of a club, but who is debarred by the prospect of a large subscription, should visit Hector's and find there the solution of the problem.

Designed for entertaining at home is this lovely boudoir suit of pink chiffon-velvet bordered with marabout, and the graceful tea-gown of blue chiffon, plain and brocaded with gold. They were sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. The reclining chair is a masterpiece of comfort, designed by J. Foot and Son, 168, Great Portland Street, W. It is adjustable to several positions.

Tea-Gowns and Boudoir Suits.

The vogue for informal entertaining at home at the "just-before-dinner" hour is becoming more and more favoured, and not the least of the attractions are the fascinating costumes you may wear. For instance, there is the lovely rest suit and the tea-gown pictured below, which are surely irresistible. The long coat and trousers are of chiffon velvet in an exquisite shade of rose trimmed with marabout; and the tea-gown is of blue chiffon and chiffon brocaded with gold. They each cost 18½ guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where there are many lovely models to be seen. A charming long-sleeved tea-frock, the "Edna," of crêpe-de-Chine with a tiered plissé skirt, can be secured for £5 19s. 6d.; and 6½ guineas is the price of another in taffeta opening on silver lace, with the skirt and collar bordered with tiny frills.

The Burlington Reclining Chair.

It is useless to picture pleasant hours indoors without thinking of a really comfortable chair in which to rest. A wonderful reclining chair which is fitted with every convenience for invalids, and yet looks like and

Fashions & Fancies

may be used as an ordinary item of furniture, is the "Burlington" pictured below. Constructed by the well-known firm of J. Foot and Son, 168, Great Portland Street, W., it has a leg rest which pulls out and can be used as a footstool or raised to any height. The arms open at the side, so that entrance is easy; and the back can be lowered by a button at the side, and comes up automatically by itself. The book-rest and table at the side are detachable. Another invaluable accessory for everyone's comfort is the "Adapta" bed-table, costing from 3 guineas. It can be adjusted in a second to a score of uses, including a book-rest, table for meals, music-stand, card-table, etc. A booklet giving full particulars will be sent post free on request.

Spring Furnishing and Decoration.

In a few weeks the prospect of spring-cleaning will be occupying the mind of every good housewife, and the lighter curtains and covers of spring must replace sombre winter ones. Nowhere is there a greater range of beautiful cretonnes and similar materials to be found than at Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W. The suggested window treatment pictured above, which is simple and attractive, ideal for the average room, is carried out in this firm's "Pekin" linen, which is 16s. 9d. a yard, 50 inches wide. The chair is also covered to match: It must be noted that all designs and colour schemes are prepared in this firm's own studio, and specially trained members of the staff are sent out to give advice when desired. Schemes and estimates are free of charge. Window-blinds are another speciality, and are made in every design and material.





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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

KINEMA MUSIC.

IN the dim and distant future the spoken film may possibly, though not probably, oust the orchestra from its important position in the kinema, but for the present there can be no question as to the value of the musical accompaniment to any screen play. To watch a shadow drama developing its action in dead silence is a curious experience, and a real test for the imaginative powers of the onlooker, as well as for the dramatic, sensational, or comic qualities of the picture. As a film play is thus reeled off, probably for Press purposes, in this or that little private theatre, to no other accompaniment save its own insistent click and whirr, it becomes at once apparent how great is the aid of illustrative melody and to what extent the producers rely on their absent ally, the orchestra. For one thing, a very large percentage of films include scenes that directly demand music. The cabarets of the underworld, the orgies of the millionaire, the fashionable restaurant, the dance saloon of the Wild West, and the pageantry of the spectacular film are but a few of the many cases in which music is not merely "incidental," but part of the action. Were we really one of those revellers or those cow-boys or those soldiers on the screen, we should actually be hearing music at the moment, so that the loss of effect resulting from the loss of musical completion needs no explanation. But when it comes to the dramatic action of the screen-play it is, perhaps, a little disconcerting to the film enthusiast to find how seriously the tension is lessened when the eye alone is served. There must, one discovers, be sound as well as sight in order to enjoy the full savour of any situation. The train rushing to certain disaster, the torrent gathering ominously in strength and volume, the motorist urging his racing-car along the track at a break-neck speed, owe an incredible amount to the palpitating "presto" of the orchestra. Even Ben-Hur's breathless chariot-race, with its reeling, crashing, rocking vehicles and the sweep of its galloping horses, would, I venture to contend, lose the better part of its thrill if the orchestra went on strike.

No; the ear must be served as well as the eye, and that holds good for the quieter passages of screen-

drama as well as for the "high spots." Nay, more; it holds good for such comparatively sober affairs as the educational and the travel film. I recall very vividly the effect of gathering danger given to the later episodes of that deeply interesting film, "The Epic of Mount Everest," an effect suggested in part by the ominous beauty of the great mountain itself, and in part by an oft-recurring phrase of music—a bit of Dvorak's, I believe. It seemed the very voice of the god of the mountain—an unconquered, lonely god, calling a halt to the daring, puny mortals clinging to its flanks. The phrase rings in my ears now. It made me see, as the explorers saw, something personal in this defiant mountain, something immensely remote and tragic. Then there was a camel march, a little tune full of courage, specially composed by Herman Finck, that coloured and emphasised one of the memorable "treks" through African solitudes. I shall always connect that camel march with a certain gallant white aristocrat of the camel world, who gained his master's far-flung goal, and then, very gently, died.

Thus one arrives at the conclusion that the musical accompaniment is very nearly as important as the film itself. It is idle waste of time to deny the accusation, often advanced in a derogatory way by the belittlers of kinematic art, that screen-plays cannot do without the support of a sister art. But since there must be music, let it be of the best, and let it be discreet! Far too often it is neither one nor the other. All films of any importance should have music specially composed for them, or at least so skilfully selected that we do not come to recognise the villain from a "motif" that has been done to death, or begin to think there is no other music East of Suez but Ketelby's. Being by no means "high-brow" (praise Heaven!), I find Ketelby's music very pleasant, but I object to being pursued by it from kinema to kinema, together with a villain "motif" of unknown origin and uncompromising "villainousness." I like to discover for myself which of the well-groomed males on the screen is the villain. It is not difficult: you can generally tell him by his moustache, so really the orchestral assistance is more than a little officious. Moreover, it is a short-sighted policy on the part of the producer to give the game away at the outset by fixing a musical label on to his malefactors.

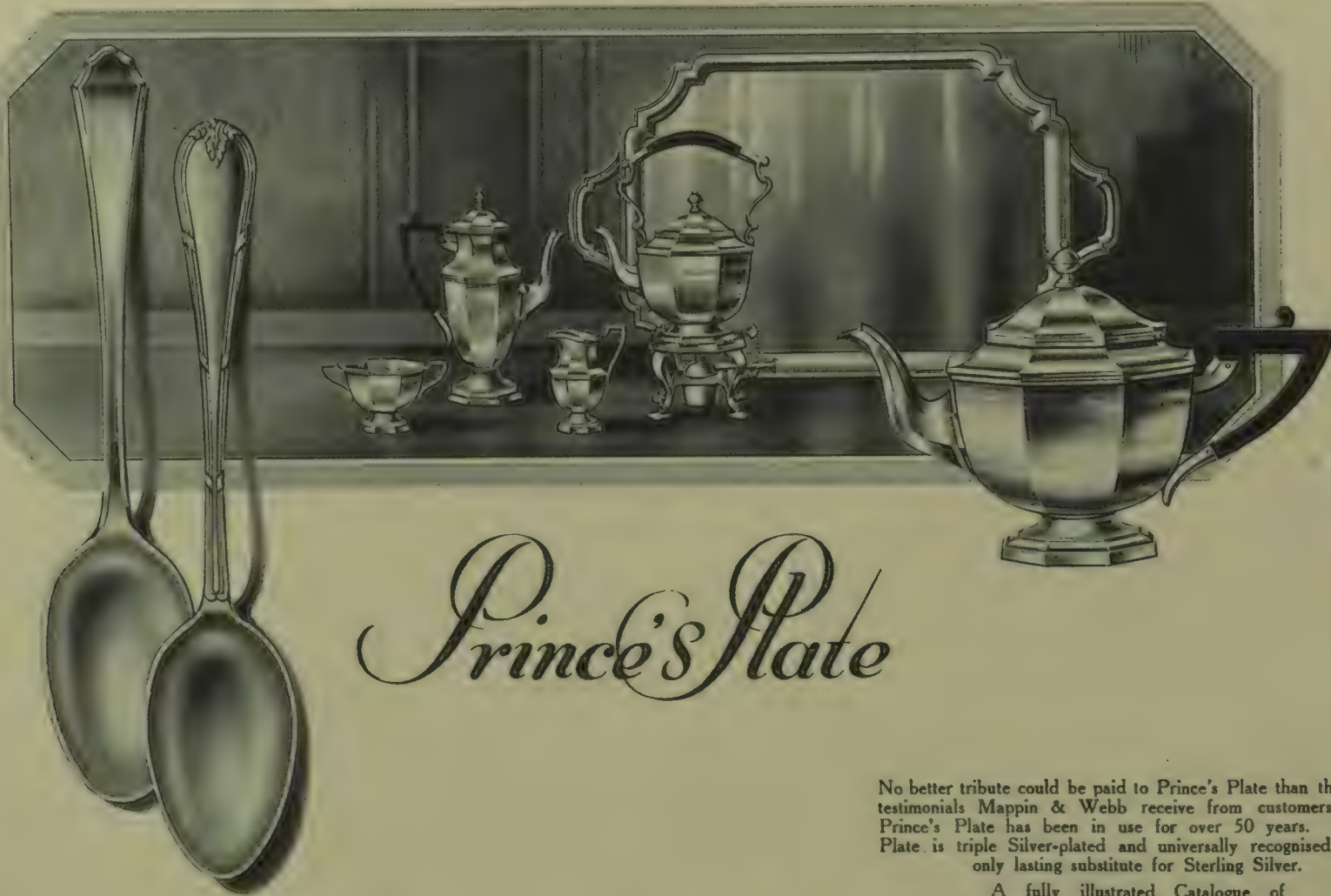
The adaptation of operettas for screen purposes provides another pitfall for the musical director. Such popular scores as those of "The Waltz Dream" or "The Merry Widow" prove amenable enough. Their famous waltzes can be pressed into service; their lilting love-songs are useful. But come to a higher plane of opera and success is not so certain. "The Rosen-Kavalier" did not provide good illustrative accompaniment for its screen adaptation. Indeed, its beauties were sadly marred by transposition, and its lovely waltz was maimed. By far the best part of the score as arranged for the film proved to be the martial music specially composed by Strauss for the episodes in the Marshal's camp, which had no place in the opera.

When the Ufa production of "Siegfried" was launched at the Albert Hall, the rumour had spread that Wagner's music was to be used, and Wagnerites were all up in arms against this "sacrilege." As a matter of fact, their fears were groundless. The music had been specially composed; and very fine it was, dignified, yet not obtrusive, and conceived in the same spirit as the film itself. It seems to me there is here a great field for the young composer. Now that the more important films are allowed, in most cases, an initial run of a few weeks and more before their provincial peregrinations begin, it should be possible to have music specially composed for them. The leading kinemas in London and the provinces have excellent orchestras that need no augmenting in order to do full justice to ambitious scores. Moreover, an opening would be provided for many a "mute inglorious" musician, and we of the audience would find fresh melody instead of the familiar ingredients so often fished up for our delectation out of the musical stock-pot.

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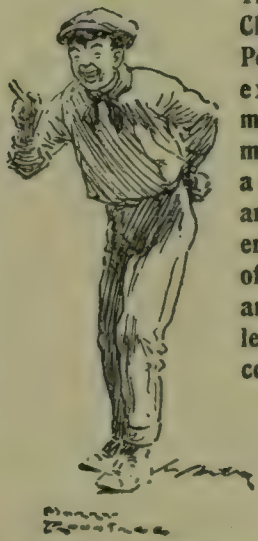
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BANKING AND INSURANCE: THEIR LESS FAMILIAR PHASES.

THE BANK AS A FRIEND.

"I KNOW a bank," said the poet. It is a question if the average man knows his bank well enough to realise what it is ready to do for him. He assumes that it is there to keep his money; to substitute on his behalf a convenient system of credit for the cumbersome one of gold, silver, and paper currency; and in an accurate manner to keep his accounts for him. For this last-mentioned service the bank *does* perform. A customer has only to open his pass-book to provide himself with a record of his current expenses as well as of his income. Our grandfathers thought in terms of private banks. Such banks are no more. There were thirty-eight still left in 1891. Thirty years later there were four. Our grandfathers never knew but what the bank, some fine morning, might suspend payment. The joint stock bank to-day is as safe as—the Bank of England.

A bank takes care of our money; it keeps our books; and it gives us a sense of complete security.



THE FIRST HEAD OFFICE OF LLOYD'S BANK—
AT HIGH STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Photograph by Lewis.

But what else does it do? It does a great deal. For instance, it takes care of our valuables. It does so good-humouredly. But if we suppose that when we ask a banker to take charge of, say, our jewellery, he becomes delirious with the strong emotion of joy, we shall be in error. The bank takes care of our jewellery, our silver, our securities, to *oblige* us. Its responsibility for these things has been much canvassed. But Sir John Paget, K.C., one of the first authorities on Banking Law, has laid it down that the responsibility of the banker is that of gratuitous bailee only, as distinct from a bailee for reward. In the absence of any specific undertaking on the part of the bank, this responsibility is limited. But let us remember this: French banks charge for this service, while American banks would not undertake it on any terms. The British bank serves its customers as no other bank of another country would consent to do.

Another service that our bank will perform for us is to advise us in the matter of our investments. If feminine investors, particularly, were more often to refer to their local bank manager, and less often to depend upon the mysterious financial revelations of their own inner consciousness, we should have fewer of those painful cases of descent from affluence to genteel poverty. Again, a bank undertakes, upon request, to pay our club and philanthropic subscriptions, insurance premiums, and other periodic payments; and it does so knowing that, if it fails to make the payments at the right time, it renders itself liable for any loss falling on the customer by reason of the neglect.

A bank will also act as a trustee. Under the Public Trustee Act, banks are authorised to discharge the duties of a custodian trustee; and here they may charge fees not exceeding those approved

by the Public Trustee as custodian. When we propose to go abroad, we want money in the currency of the country we are visiting. Our bank will get it for us. But it will do more than this. Travellers abroad know how difficult it is to get any but French



THE NEW HEAD OFFICE OF LLOYD'S BANK, WHICH IS NOW IN
COURSE OF ERECTION—THE CORNHILL FRONTAGE.

francs, in the small denominations, before they leave home. We can get, say, Belgian thousand franc notes easily enough; but if we want five-franc notes and one and two-franc pieces, we cannot expect to pick them up at the railway station from which we set out; and when tips are called for, on all hands, by foreign porters and the like, we ruefully discover that we have nothing less than, perhaps, a hundred-franc note. But, if we give our own bank time, it will have everything ready for us, and we shall pass smilingly through the quay mob.

In other similar small ways the bank is prepared to help us. For instance, it will act as a reference when we live in Penzance or Forres, and want to open an account in Regent Street. The bank is the true friend of the customer ignorant of business, no less than of the City man. Every manager of a bank is familiar with the woman afraid of writing a cheque, who affrightedly requests him to make out the mysterious form on her behalf. She may well go to him. Branch managers, no less than officials of the head office, are very carefully selected. They are expected and can be relied upon to exhibit tact and business acumen, and to do so in respect of the customer who has a genuine anxiety as well as in relation to her who fears the cheque form.

The modern bank, indeed, is always trying to use its imagination in the interests of its customers. One small example of this effort is the "Baby Savings Bank"—key kept by the bank and contents emptied there to be transferred to account. The idea is, of course, to attract working class and juvenile pennies. But it is also calculated to teach thrift, and, what is more, to create the careful investor of the future. Again, it brings the young mind early into touch with the bank, gives him an idea of its personal value to himself, and sets up in him what should be a permanent appreciation of the fact that, in his banker, he has a genuine friend.

INSURANCE HUMANISED.

IT is unfortunately true that comparatively few people realise that it is their duty, both to others and themselves, to explore the possibilities of modern insurance. We have no right to accept any risk which can legitimately be covered. At the outset it may be said that a man may insure against anything provided he has an insurable interest. The next point to remember is that all insurance premiums are based on statistics. In a general way, therefore, provided he insures with a good company, the policy holder will get value for money almost in arithmetical proportion.

Insurance is good business always. Moreover, it is, in its operation, just, for the fortunate pay for the unfortunate, the healthy for the unhealthy. And it keeps us mentally healthy by relieving us of fear. Indeed, it may be claimed for the companies that they first conceive of a human need, and then set themselves to establish machinery whereby, for a small payment, they will accept, from the anxious, his anxiety. A man's first consideration is, naturally, what will happen to his family if he should die. But when insurance has covered him, and also, or alternately, met his need for an endowment in old age, it has only met his two most obvious needs. It is probably his own fault that he does not realise how much else it is prepared to do for him and his if he will let it. A little inquiry will show him that modern insurance has a new, direct, and curiously human appeal.

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[Continued overleaf.]



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Another branch of insurance in which there is a perceptible human touch is that connected with annuities. A woman owning property or with reversionary interests, but who wishes for a fixed income, may dispose of her holdings through a reversionary company, and then, from any good insurance office, she can draw a relatively higher income by the purchase of an annuity.

From the more obvious risks an insurance covers us completely. Not everybody realises that if, for the worker, there is compulsory health insurance, there is available for others also a means of insurance against illness, while a very small premium covers against such specific diseases as typhoid, scarlet fever, etc.; and this particular policy may cover accident. But

the importance of accident insurance policies has been increasing in proportion to the increase of motoring. Motorists are most completely covered in respect of every liability for accidents to others as well as damage to themselves and their cars. It is such insurance

"But," exclaims the uninsured, "modern life is full of risks. How can I cover them all?" So far as accident, on the one hand, and loss of property on the other is concerned, it is almost possible to cover everything. Take an ordinary "All In" policy.

It covers us against "fire, explosion and thunderbolt, earthquake or subterranean fire, storm, tempest, or flood." All this is very comforting. But it will cover us against injury to mirrors (except hand-mirrors), damage by burst pipes, loss at the hands of that ubiquitous animal the "cat" burglar, larceny, and theft; it will cover our liability as an employer of domestic servants, and will also insure their property in addition to our own; and, if we are burnt out of house and home, it will find us lodgings till our walls are up again. If a carpet is injured by a hot coal or a garment is damaged, we are still provided for, as we are against the most violent and savage laundry.

So much for an All-In policy. But we can, of course, provide against any of these risks separately in the most satisfactory manner. In fact, insurance to-day will insure a life or a collar with equal promptitude, willingness, and accuracy. If it is everybody's ultimate duty to insure, it is everybody's preliminary duty to explore the scope of modern insurance. And much the

best way to do this is to see the company personally or its agent, who may be found even in the smallest towns. Every man knows his own special liabilities, as well as his general ones: how best to provide against both these he can learn at once if he will put himself in touch with a good insurance office.



THE CHIEF OF 1172 OFFICES: THE HEAD OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, AT 15, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2.

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Joint Managing Directors:

FREDERICK HYDE

EDGAR W. WOOLLEY

Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1926

LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital	12,665,798
Reserve Fund	12,665,798
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	368,160,062
Acceptances & Engagements	37,065,445
ASSETS		
Coin, Gold Bullion, Notes & Balances with Bank of England	52,994,044
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	18,222,492
Money at Call & Short Notice	22,786,852
Investments	38,853,582
Bills Discounted	46,744,312
Advances	200,459,993
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances & Engagements	37,065,445
Bank Premises	6,936,574
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,291,819
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,726,799
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,121,952
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	353,239

The Midland Bank and its Affiliations operate 2360 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

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NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK

LIMITED

Paid-up Capital	-	-	£9,479,416
Reserve Fund	-	-	9,479,416
Deposits, &c., (Dec., 1926)	-	-	260,126,125

HEAD OFFICE: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

1,172 Offices.

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BRITISH, COLONIAL AND FOREIGN BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

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Small Accounts Opened.

HOME SAFES AVAILABLE ON APPLICATION.

AFFILIATED BANKS:

COUTTS & CO.

Bank of British West Africa Limited.
P. & O. Banking Corporation Limited.

GRINDLAY & Co., Ltd.

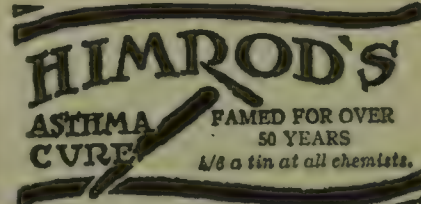
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Ltd.
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CURE

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50 YEARS
1/6 a tin at all chemists.



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The Captain of a ship must be its unchallenged commander—or shipwreck awaits him. The Management of a business must be its unhampered controllers—or bankruptcy breaks it. What of the Mistress of a house, unless she be fully its mistress? Ask yourself—has she control, when at the mercy of coal fires and kitcheners? Dirty, capricious and rebellious servants! Ask yourself—do not the cleanliness, the promptitude, the sure obedience of Gas offer a new reign of order, new comfort and new leisure?

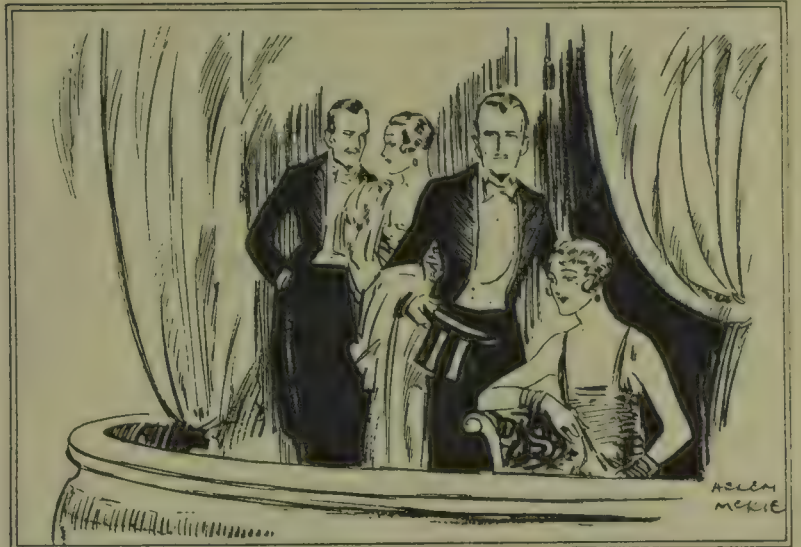
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The Servant of Progress

The B.C.G.A. . . . representing the British Gas Industry, is at the service of the public, without charge, for advice and help on any subject, large or small, connected with the economical and efficient use of gas in home, office or factory. A letter to the Secretary of this Association will receive prompt and careful attention.

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, 28 GROSVENOR GARDENS, S.W.1

WHATEVER THE WEATHER —A CAR FOR COMFORT



To the Theatre

In the luxurious interior of a Singer Saloon you can travel cosy and comfortable whatever the weather. It is a car of ample proportions and distinctive appearance, complete with every refinement of detail one expects to find in a high-class car. A car anyone can be proud to possess—a lasting source of satisfaction to its owner.



Singer Saloons are made in two Models—the “Senior” at £260, and the “Six” with six-cylinder engine at £350. Each one in its class outstanding value amongst British cars. Dunlop tyres are fitted. May we send you full particulars? Singer and Company, Ltd., Coventry. London showrooms: 202, Gt. Portland St., W.1.

in a

SINGER
SALOON



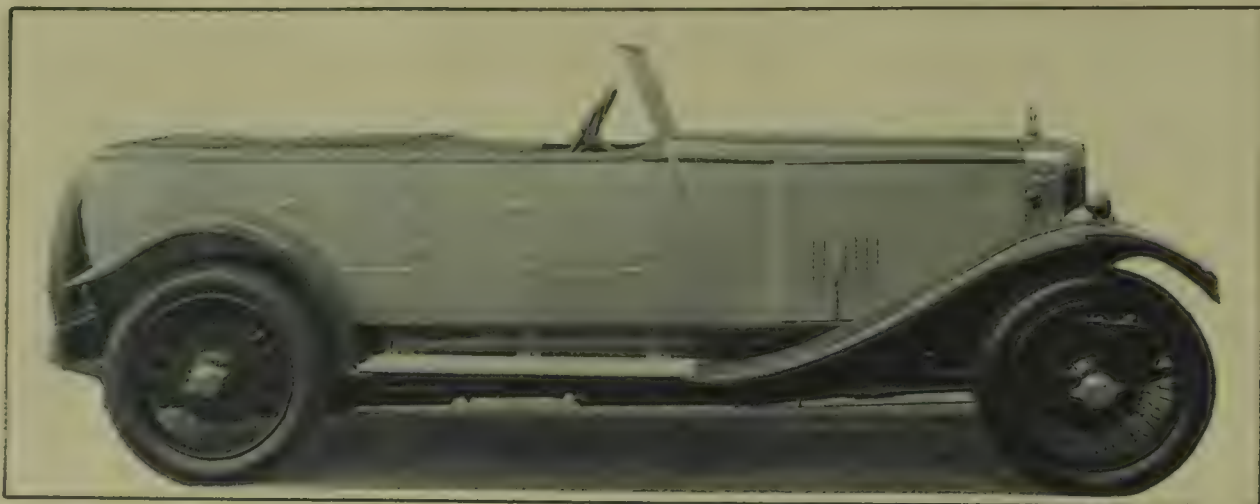
BIGGEST VALUE IN BRITISH SALOONS

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE 22-90-h.p. ALFA-ROMEO.

IF there is one particular feature for which the Italian motor industry is specially notable, it is for its remarkable variety of medium-sized, high-powered, fast touring cars. We are told on every hand to-day that the open touring car is doomed, and that, owing to the congestion of the roads—which is increasing abroad proportionately as fast as over here—really high maximum speeds have become superfluous. I believe this to be sheer nonsense. It may be that in time the always-closed car will be so astonishingly improved that it will be as good as the "all-weather" type, though I doubt it, but fast cars will always be preferred to the other kind. They cannot be fast without being good—and the Italians know that as well as anybody.

The last Italian I have tried is the Alfa-Romeo, which bears the impressive official designation of the 22-90-h.p. six-cylinder,



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE ALFA ROMEO—A MODEL WITH BODYWORK OF HANDSOME DESIGN SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. ARTHUR MULLINER, LTD., OF NORTHAMPTON.

Progress and Approval

For Dodge Brothers, 1926 stands as a year of unprecedented progress and success.

New engineering records have been established by a succession of major improvements extending back to the first of 1926.

Never has Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranked so high in public favor. Never before has it so richly deserved the world's good will.

DODGE BROTHERS (BRITAIN) LTD.
PARK ROYAL LONDON, N.W. 10

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS



super sports, three-litre, special tourer. It is built in Milan, and is generally regarded as one of the higher class Italian products. The firm has a number of impressive competition successes to its credit, perhaps the most outstanding of them all being the winning of the Italian Grand Prix in 1925; the first place in the Grand Prix d'Europe the same year; the first and fourth in the same race in 1924; and the first, second, third, and fourth in the Italian Grand Prix of the same year, when 500 miles were covered at an average of 100 miles an hour.

The car I tried has a six-cylinder engine, cast in a single block, with a bore and stroke of 76 by 110, giving a cubic content of just under three litres. There is not very much comment called for on this unit, most of its features being decidedly orthodox. The overhead valves are operated by push-rod and rockers, each valve having two separate valve-springs. The lubrication is of the dry sump system, by means of two pumps, the tank, containing three gallons of oil, being situated in the dash. The point of this arrangement is to be able to feed cool oil to the bearings under pressure. The question of accessibility has been properly studied, and although the general finish of the engine and its related parts is not quite so good as those of most Italian cars—super-finish being another noteworthy feature of all Italian design—it is altogether a very tidy and workmanlike job. Twin carburettors are fitted with a hot-water circulation round the induction-pipe—an arrangement for which I have the greatest admiration, providing the cooling is by pump and not by thermo-syphon. The engine-casing, clutch, and gear-box are of unit construction.

The four-speed gear-box, which is controlled on the right-hand side, gives the following ratios: top, 3.75; third, 6.85; second, 9.8; and bottom, 13.2. The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs front and rear, assisted by friction-type shock-absorbers. The wheel-base length is 10 ft. 3½ in., and the track 4 ft. 9½ in.

The behaviour of the Alfa-Romeo on the road is remarkably pleasant, and, if one can use such an expression, companionable. It has, as you might expect from the foregoing description, a very noticeable measure of acceleration—in fact, its pick-up and general get-away impressed me considerably more than its action after some sixty miles an hour had been reached. The steering, perhaps one of the most important features of all in a car which may be expected to be driven pretty constantly at sixty miles an hour, is light, easy, and very steady. I had a fault to find on this occasion in the shortness of the steering-column itself. Being long in the leg, I was obliged to push the driving-seat rather far back, and, when I reached the position whence it was comfortable for me to control the pedals, I found that the steering-wheel was quite three inches too far away from me.

You pick up very swiftly, overtake cars ahead of you easily and effortlessly, and when occasion arises you stop in the same manner, without a suspicion of

(Continued overleaf.)

CLYNO CARS

The remarkable 11 h.p. 4-door Saloon

PRICE **£199.10s.**



British coachbuilt body.
Powerful smooth running engine.
Easy (right hand) gear change.
Perfect suspension.
Four wide doors.
Adjustable front seat.
Phenomenally light steering.
Unusually complete equipment.

Prices from
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to
£250
All models fitted
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C.C. 28

HAVE YOU TRIED
THE

Crossley
SIX ?

IF you have not tried the Crossley Six you have no conception of its performance.

As the AUTOCAR said, "Its paces are so smooth and effortless as to be altogether deceptive."

It arouses enthusiasm in the most critical motorist. Smoothness, power, silence, ease of control—in each of these it excels. It is the six-cylinder car at its best.

This Crossley Six has aroused tremendous interest. May we arrange a trial run for you or post you a catalogue?

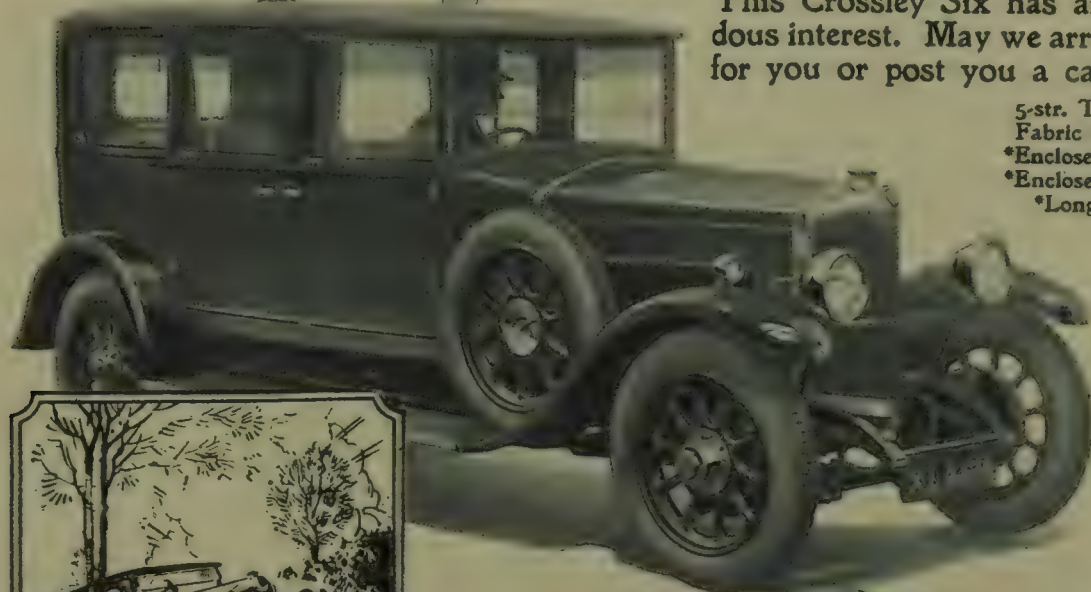
5-str. Touring Car £675
Fabric Saloon £720
*Enclosed Limousine £875
*Enclosed Landulette £895
*Long wheelbase chassis

**CROSSLEY
14**

(R.A.C. Rating 15.6)

Ask also for details of the famous 14 h.p. Crossley, undoubtedly the finest value in its class. Ample power. Full five-seater body.

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Fabric Saloon ... £425
Saloon de Luxe £495



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London Showrooms and Export Dept.:

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Continued.]

a skid. Although the exhaust makes too much noise for my liking, the engine has, so to speak, nothing but pleasing things to say when at its work, and its eagerness to get going completes the list of things which I have lumped together under the word "companionable." The Alfa-Romeo super sports is a friendly car to drive.

Gear-changing is fairly easily accomplished without over-much scrape after a little patience, but you have to remember to allow a very distinct pause in neutral when changing from third to top. Any scrape of which you may be guilty, and the necessity for the pause I have just mentioned, I attribute to the use of the dry multiple disc clutch. This is evidently a sound piece of work, but, like all its fellows, a clutch whose habits it is necessary to learn before really clean changes can be made quickly enough to afford the necessary support to the engine. It was not very easy to decide how much gear hum was produced on third and second speeds, because the drumming of the exhaust drowned practically every other noise, but at forty-five miles an hour on third the song of the gears was still not loud enough to be heard over the exhaust, and so I conclude that it is a quiet gear-box.

The four-wheel brake system is not only excellent in its action, but decidedly interesting in its design. The power is applied to the brake-shoes through the stub axles, and the orthodox rod or cable has been suppressed in favour of that admirable thing, a flat

steel flexible band. In no circumstances can braking have the slightest effect on the steering.

I had not much opportunity of judging the action of the springs, as the shock-absorbers had been adjusted so tightly for high speeds that there was very little give in the springs at any speed lower than about fifty miles an hour. What, however, I was able to verify was a remarkable degree of road-holding,

sacrificed in the interests of beauty of outline. I have driven in many more uncomfortable sports bodies than this, but it would be absurd to pretend that it is a luxurious touring car. Its appearance, however, from its gorgeous enamelled twin badges on the sharp-nosed radiator to the spare wheel at the back, is really beautiful. I have seldom seen a car with better lines. This particular example was finished in cellulose silver, the wings and upholstery being of a particularly agreeable sky-blue. The price of the car complete is £995; the saloon being £1025, the Weymann saloon £1095, and the two-seater £950; and the chassis £695.



WITH A TICKFORD SALOON ALL-WEATHER BODY. BUILT BY MESSRS. SALMONS AND SONS, ON A 27-H.P. HISPANO-SUIZA CHASSIS: THE MAHARAJAH OF ALWAR'S NEW CAR FOR SHOOTING PURPOSES.

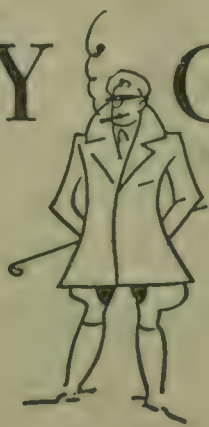
The car is finished in gold cellulose lacquer, except the mouldings, which are in royal blue. The interior is luxuriously upholstered in gold brocaded fabric. The car was ordered by the Maharajah of Alwar specially for shooting expeditions in India, and is fitted with gun-boxes on either side, and water-tanks under the stepboards. When the roof is wound back, the occupants of the car can stand and shoot over the top.

both on the level at speed and round corners. The bodywork, which is by an independent coach-builder, is of the usual high-class sports type—that is, the driver and his companion sit in a certain amount of comfort, but the two passengers at the rear are

by the British now follows a list of the various parts of the British Empire in which clubs are to be found. "Clubs" is edited by Mr. E. C. Austen-Leigh, and published by Messrs. Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., at 7s. 6d., or 7s. 10d. post free.

"Clubs"—the handy little volume which gives the name, address, entrance fee, subscription, and date of establishment of every well-known club in the British Isles and the British Empire, together with every club frequented by the British in foreign countries, is a most useful handbook. The 1927 issue, now on sale, is bound in red cloth, clearly printed and simply arranged. It contains details of 3950 English clubs. The alphabetical list of foreign countries which possess clubs frequented

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the cigarette with
pure ribbed
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* Rice paper is a technical trade name. It does not mean that rice or rice straw enters into the composition of the paper. The rice paper, however, specially made for Army Club cigarettes does contain 4 per cent. of pure rice—

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is caused by an excess of uric acid in the system. The excruciating pain disappears when these poisonous deposits have been eliminated by Kutnow's Powder, a remedy fully approved by the medical profession.

This famous effervescent saline contains the identical purifying properties of the famous Carlsbad Spa waters; and in cases of rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, etc., it is unrivalled.

**KUTNOW'S
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S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd., 204, Phoenix Street, London, N.W. 1.

The Enemy of Uric Acid

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by
CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.,
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TASTE IT !

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LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

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Thoroughgoing Dependability

DEPENDABILITY that goes right through—is a Vauxhall quality. This is why the Vauxhall is suited for Continental touring on a serious scale.

It is built in England, but built for service anywhere; built to withstand fast travelling on rough roads and to tackle the climbing and descending of steep mountain passes, day after day, without causing its driver the least anxiety.

Lt.-Col. P. T. Etherton, a well-known traveller, has accomplished many adventurous journeys in his 14-40 Vauxhall, which he has driven thousands of miles on the roads of a dozen different European countries. Through it all his Vauxhall has displayed never-failing dependability.

In *To Andorra Through the Pyrenees*, Colonel Etherton describes his latest adventure, the chief feature of which was a wonderful drive from one end of the Pyrenees to the other, his objective being the ancient republic of Andorra, which lies high up in the Central Pyrenees between France and Spain.

This little book is illustrated with an abundance of photographs showing scenes of thrilling beauty and glimpses of the quaint life of Andorra, where one seems to be carried back to the Middle Ages. If, as a possible buyer of a 14-40 Vauxhall, *To Andorra Through the Pyrenees* has a special interest for you, please ask us to send you a copy.

There are seven body styles in the 14-40 series. 'Princeton' five-seater touring car, £495. 'Bedford' five-seater saloon, £595. Wire wheels and Dunlop cord balloon tyres.

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The 14-40 Vauxhall 'Princeton' in the main street of Encamp where the President of Andorra lives.

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RADIO NOTES.

A PRIVATE car with a nine-valve radio receiver, has recently created much interest in London streets. The car may be recognised as a "wireless" car by the frame aerial, encased in celluloid and elevated above the running-board just behind the off-side front wing. The receiving set, made by Standard Telephones, is a seven-valve supersonic heterodyne with a two-valve low-frequency amplifier, and is fitted in the dash on the left side of the steering column. Tuning can be done by the driver whilst the car is in motion, and a remote control is fitted on the steering-wheel so that volume control may be effected without taking the hands from the wheel. Another remote control is installed in the rear of the car for passengers to adjust the volume as desired.

A loud-speaker of the pleated disc type is fitted in the roof, and, in addition to reproducing broadcasts, forms an attractive decoration, since it is a lampshade as well. The valves are operated from Exide (Long Life) accumulators, which are fitted in cradles beneath the chassis. Wires are invisible, as they run under the upholstery. A multi-plug with fourteen contacts is fitted in the dash, and enables the receiving equipment to be taken out of the car after the plug is detached.

When the car is not being used, the plug may be withdrawn, so that all connections with the radio batteries are severed. The special method adopted for the installation of the receiving equipment is such that the usual accommodation of the car—a Standard "Park Lane" saloon—is normal. It is estimated that the extra weight is approximately 100 lb., but the car's 14-h.p. provides ample power for the additional load.

Reception is possible at any speed, and it is the intention of Captain Leonard F. Plugge—a well-known experimenter who during the past year has carried out numerous experiments with the reception of broadcasts on moving cars—to continue the investigations with his new car, which is permanently equipped for

reception from British and foreign stations whilst travelling.

Since commencing its transmissions last August, the broadcasting station at Haiti ("H.H.K."), operating on a wave-length of 361.2 metres, has been heard in Colorado, Georgia, Florida, Connecticut, Porto Rico, Venezuela, and many other places. Financial support is obtained by the Government in the form of appropriations to the Department of Public Works. Music included in the programmes is



A PRIVATE CAR PERMANENTLY EQUIPPED FOR RADIO RECEPTION: A STANDARD "PARK LANE" SALOON.

Apart from the frame aerial, the general appearance of the car illustrated above does not depart from orthodox design, although a nine-valve broadcast receiver has been embodied during the car's construction. Broadcast items issue from a loud speaker fitted under the roof inside the saloon.

usually of French origin, and classical music is most popular. Jazz is practically unknown in Haiti, and hardly ever forms part of a programme. The station (which is of Western Electric design, installed by the International Standard Electric Corporation) is adjacent to the President's Palace, and concerts are frequently broadcast by the President's band, and also by the band of the Gendarmerie. Educational features include lectures on agriculture, hygiene, sanitation and so forth. Announcements of the morning

programmes and some of the talks are given in French, but the majority of the talks are in Creole, an attractive *patois* of French origin. In the evening announcements are made in French and English, but the talks are usually in French, with a summary in English. Many of the natives listen to the early morning talks on agricultural and other subjects from "Public address" loud-speakers which the Government is placing in open spaces in cities and towns. Private receiving sets are generally of the valve type. Atmospherics give very little trouble in Haiti, and in winter are almost unknown; so that from November to March reception of local and foreign stations is admirable.

Details of the manufacture of accumulators for radio and other purposes were shown during a recent visit to the C.A.V. works at Acton, where batteries of all kinds were to be seen—some for Government Departments, others for marine work, house-lighting, and for radio listeners. The grids are cast in pairs, trimmed and flattened, and then the lattice-work structure of the grids is filled by pasting with active oxides. After pasting, the plates, in batches of 20,000, are placed in kilns, where they dry in about six hours. They are then sent to another department, where for about fifty hours they are subject to the action of electric currents which bring about chemical changes in the structure and render the plates suitable for use in batteries. Various drying and pressing operations then take place before the plates are fused into groups by oxygen blow-pipes. The positive and negative

sections are carefully inspected and stamped, and skilled operators insert the insulating separators between the plates; after which the units are mounted into their respective moulded battery boxes. The boxes are carried along on a steel band whilst mechanics seal the cells, burn on the inter-cell connectors, and attach the labels bearing details of the battery. Final inspection is made as the completed batteries move along a roller-conveyer to the warehouse or to the charging department.

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HOVE is delightful in Springtime!

Other charming Sunshine Centres are—

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For Guide Books apply respective Town Clerks. Dept. S.C.6.

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THE BEST AND
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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON"
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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1



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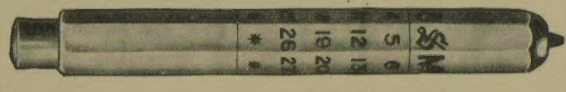
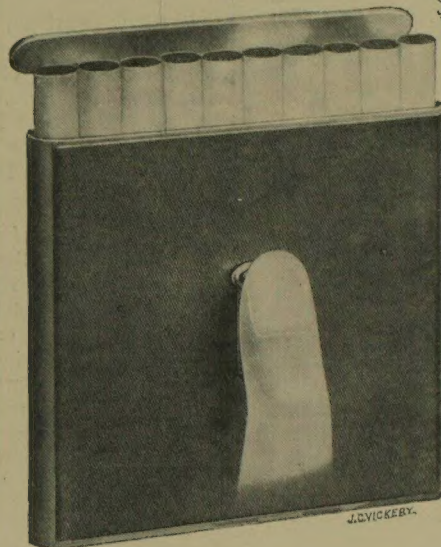
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Sterling Silver 35/-. Solid Gold 75/-.
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Advertisers' announcements appearing either under or facing this special article cannot but catch the reader's eye. By following this special page you will be kept in touch with all the best dog fanciers throughout the English-speaking world. Where English-speaking people are to be found so is the *Sporting and Dramatic*.

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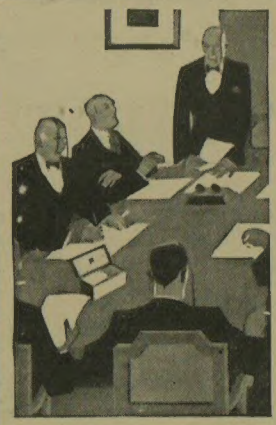
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LANGUAGES BY LINGUAPHONE.

FOR the study of languages (home and foreign), especially in the matter of correct pronunciation, modern science has provided a very valuable aid in the gramophone, and this method has been applied with great success by Mr. J. Roston, founder and principal of the Linguaphone Institute, 24-27, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Records and courses have been prepared in English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Afrikaans, and Esperanto. The records may be used on any gramophone, but special machines may be obtained. The advantages of the system are obvious; it can be pursued in the home, wherever that may be, at times to suit the student, and as often as required; while it is, of course, considerably cheaper than private tuition or residence abroad.

Linguaphone Language Records, we understand, are now used in over sixty different countries, and have been adopted by nearly a thousand schools, as an aid to their personal teaching. Now that China is so much in public view, it is of especial interest to learn that the Linguaphone Institute has recently arranged with Sir E. Denison Ross, Principal of the School of Oriental Studies, to produce a course in Chinese, for the use of students at the University of London. This course is to be followed by others in Arabic and Hindustani. The Institute issues many booklets and leaflets giving particulars of its teaching service, and we should certainly advise prospective students of any of the languages mentioned to apply for further information to the address given above.

A new restaurant which is already proving a favourite rendezvous for all Londoners near that congested area, the Strand, is the Tricity Restaurant at the top of Savoy Street. It is a development of the already well-known Tricity House in Oxford Street, and its really excellent cuisine of old English and modern French cooking is carried out entirely by electric cooking, supported by a well-stocked cellar. The kitchens are a marvel of cleanliness and

efficiency, with every modern improvement. Even the lighting all over the building is done by Tricity Sun Ray Lamps, diffusing through ground-glass screens an almost natural sunlight. The prices are pleasantly moderate, and the menus extremely varied, so that everyone in or near the vicinity should make a point of lunching or dining there.

Garden-lovers will be deeply interested in the excellently produced and comprehensive catalogue for 1927 which has just been issued by Messrs. Carters, of Raynes Park. This publication, which is free on application to them, is profusely illustrated, and gives a striking impression of various blooms and vegetables for the coming season. A point of interest lies in Messrs. Carters' offer to give expert garden advice free. To take advantage of this offer one has only to write to the Advisory Department of the firm at Raynes Park, S.W.20.

In the window of the West End Passenger Office of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, America House, Cockspur Street, is to be seen a new and interesting scale model of a two-bedded cabin on the company's popular cruising steamer, *Arcadian*. It illustrates very convincingly the comfort of the rooms in that vessel. Together with the excellent model of the company's motor liner *Asturias*, which has been admired by passers-by for some time past, it makes a most attractive display.

The L.N.E.R. have just completed the new station at Berwick at the north end of the Royal Border Bridge across the Tweed. It is built in the latest style, being a large island platform with waiting rooms, refreshment rooms, bookstalls, and telegraph office, and the main block of buildings comprises booking hall, booking office, and cloak room. The whole of the station premises are heated by a special system of hot-water radiators, and the work has been carried out without interference to the train services.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"GIVE AND TAKE." AT THE GLOBE.

A CAREFULLY studied portrait of a Jewish manufacturer supplied by the American actor, Mr. Harry Green, goes a long way towards recommending an otherwise poor production at the Globe. The last act of Aaron Hoffman's play, "Give and Take," is mere knockabout farce, in which the terror caused by a man supposed to be an escaped lunatic, and revolver shots and other noise occupy a prominent and tedious place. For the rest, we are shown how the employees of a fruit-canning factory serve their proprietor with an ultimatum under the influence of his "college"-trained son. They must have an "industrial democracy," or they will strike. Their industrial democracy is granted them, and the business is soon on the verge of ruin; but the lunatic is made to save the situation with a vast order. Mr. Green's acting is in the vein of quiet comedy, not the less effective for being kept in a low key. His best support comes from Mr. Edward de Tisne, who, in a foreman's part, assists him in back-chat that is often amusing.

"TWELVE MILES OUT." AT THE STRAND.

Bootlegging is a twentieth-century offence, and the title of Mr. W. A. McGuire's play, "Twelve Miles Out," is ultra-modern in its significance; but the tale it covers would, so far as its pirates go, have seemed old in our grandfathers' time. The start, perhaps, is the best thing about this piece. Upon a complacent household, sceptical of liquor-smuggling, swoop down in succession two rival rum-runners, both with a crew, and one of them with a cargo which the other aims at appropriating. A shot and its consequences necessitate the removal of all the characters out to sea. So we strike pirate chief and pirate crew in their familiar atmosphere. Mr. Lyn Harding is the leading buccaneer, and his voice rolls in appropriate thunder, as he threatens or forcibly embraces the romantic heroine or fights his rival in the dark. Very old-fashioned stuff some of this, in the "Once-aboard-the-lugger" style.

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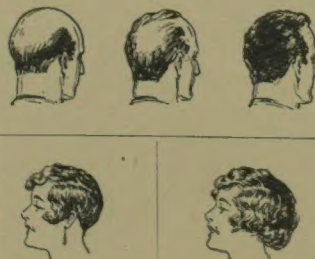
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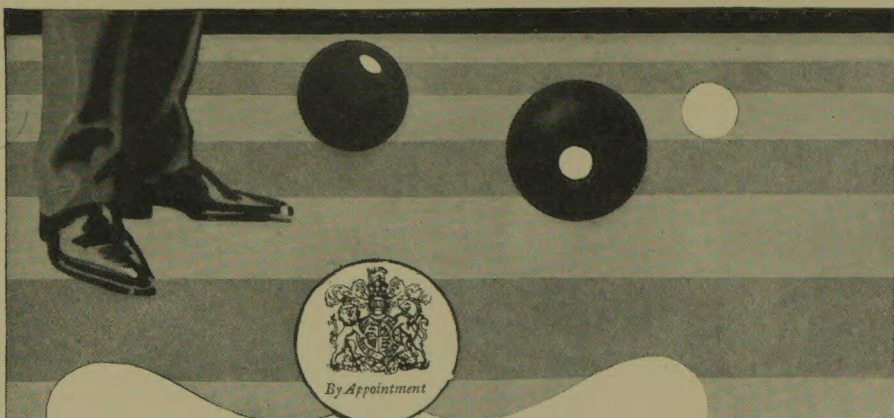
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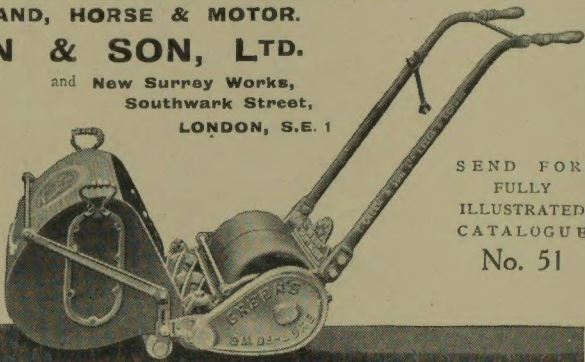
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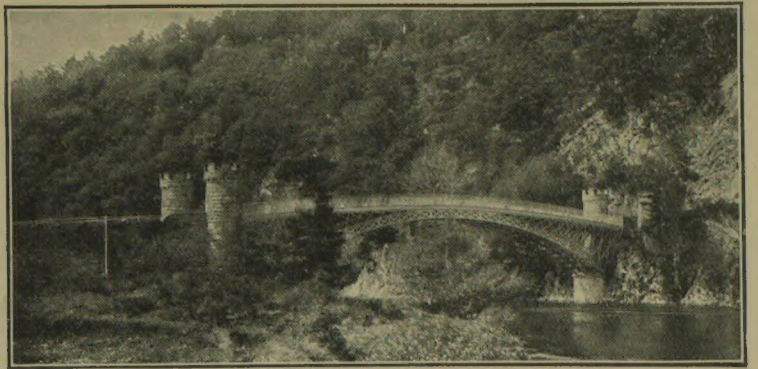
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